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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

[We make the following extracts from *Brownson's Quarterly Review* for October.]

We went as far in our hostility to the Abolitionists as any of our Catholic brethren have gone. We regarded them as enemies to the union of these States, and if not checked we thought them not unlikely to bring about secession or civil war. From 1838 to 1857 we were among their sturdiest opponents, and in our own sphere we have done as much as any other man in the country, to set Catholics against the abolition movement.

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But we have said the national question takes with us precedence of the slavery question. We would not endanger the peace or union of these States in order to abolish slavery; nor would we suffer the national integrity to be destroyed for the sake of preserving slavery. We hold slavery, whether we speak of its abolition or its preservation, subordinate to the Union, or the national existence and welfare. When efforts either to abolish or to save slavery are incompatible with the preservation of the Union, we oppose them with all the zeal and energy we are master of. We opposed abolition, except by the action of the slaveholding States themselves, prior to the breaking out of the rebellion, because we could not effect it without violating the Constitution and endangering the integrity of the nation; we demand the abolition of slavery now, because without it we do not believe it possible to suppress the rebellion, vindicate the Constitution, reëstablish over the rebellious States the Federal supremacy, and secure future peace and harmony between the North and the South. We believe emancipation is now both a military and a political necessity. *Differing, as we have always differed, from the Abolitionists, in their theoretical views, we are, owing to the change of circumstances, practically with them on the single question of emancipation, and therefore deem it unwise and even dangerous to continue our old hostility to them.*

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The conditional loyalism of the extreme Abolitionists, consisting of a few hundreds, at most of a few thousands of individuals, may be censurable, but it is far less so than the conditional loyalism of the Border States, for liberty is more respectable than slavery, and a man can be more easily excused for insisting on conditions in favor of liberty than on conditions in favor of property. The least respectable species of property known to the laws of any State is property in slaves. Your Davises and Wickliffes of Kentucky are excellent Union men so long as the Union protects, your Phillipses and Garrisons so long as it will abolish slavery; but as it is always more respectable to restore men to their liberty than it is to deprive them or to keep them deprived of it, save as a punishment for crime, we have a respect for the Abolitionists who would free the slaves at the expense of the Union, that we have not for the Border State men, who would sooner sacrifice the Union than let their slaves go free. Liberty is a right of all men, forfeitable only by crime, and all our natural instincts are in its favor, and revolt at slavery. Liberty is the principle and end of all our institutions, and the only real fault you can find with any man for asserting and defending liberty for all men, is in respect of the mode or means he adopts to secure it. He is right in principle and right in the end, and can be wrong only as to the means or medium. But slavery is always an abnormal condition, sometimes to be borne with for a season, as is a catarrh, a fever, a boil, rheumatism or the gout, but never to be admired for its own sake, or regarded as an indication of moral and social health. It is always a moral, political and social evil, and repelled by all that is free, generous, noble or respectable in human nature. We confess, therefore, that we have a tolerance for the conditional loyalism of a Phillips which we have not and cannot have for a Wickliffe.

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It is idle, therefore, to make war to-day on the Abolitionists, when, in order to save the Union, we must go practically as far as any of them insist on going.

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Catholics were generally attached to the Democratic party, and that party has generally asserted state sovereignty. Our own writings have done not a little to accredit that doctrine among Catholics, for when we had the most influence with them, we held, defended, and labored to prove, that the sovereignty is not in the Nation, in the States united, but in the States severally. *We maintained that heresy for years, and it was only when we saw some of its practical developments, that we began slowly to distrust and abandon it.* Catholics generally adopted it, and many of them hold it still. Prior to the outbreak of the civil war, a Catholic newspaper published in Ohio was in favor of the South, and defended decidedly secession principles. After the war broke out, it professed to defend the Union, not indeed on National principles, but on State sovereignty principles. Ohio, it said, having declared for the Union, it was bound, as loyal to Ohio, to sustain the Federal cause.

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But the Church does not and cannot tolerate what is called chattel slavery—the slavery recognized and sustained by the laws of the Southern States, for she regards as a man, and treats as a person, the humblest African slave. She restricts the bondage to reasonable or moderate bodily service, asserting at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, the moral freedom of the bondman. The bondman is for her a man, a moral being, with a conscience of his own, which the master may not under any pretence whatever invade. She places the bondman and the master under one and the same moral and spiritual law; and makes each alike accountable for his own deeds before the Divine tribunal. She denies with all her divine energy that man has or can have dominion or property in man, and therefore that one man can have any right to exact the bodily service of another, save in consideration of benefits conferred. God, St. Augustine teaches, and in this gives the real doctrine of the Church, gave to man dominion over the irrational creation, but not over the rational. Hence the first governors of mankind, he says, were called pastors, not lords, *pastores non domini*. One may owe service to another, as the son owes service to his father, and even the wife to her husband; but this does not imply that one is the lord of another, that is, his owner or proprietor. "The relation of master and slave," said Mr. Calhoun to us, in one of his long conversations with us in 1840–41, "is indefensible. We never call our people our *slaves*, but speak of them as our *people*. The relation between them and us is that of guardian and ward. We are their guardians, and they are our wards, and we defend the relation on the ground that they are virtually minors, and incapable of acting or providing for themselves." We cite his words, because he so far agrees with the Church, that he repudiates the doctrine that one man can be the lord, owner or proprietor of another, and concedes that the master owes to the servant an equivalent for the services he exacts. In calling the slave a ward he plainly concedes that he is a *person*, and therefore logically entitled to all the rights essential to personality.

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The doctrine of the Church necessarily, where it was received, if it did not at once free the slave, converted him from a thing to a person, from a chattel slave to a villein or serf; whence in time he became a free peasant, or freeman.

The Church is, therefore, necessarily opposed to slavery as it exists in our Southern States, for, notwithstanding the fine theory of wardship developed by Mr. Calhoun, slavery in them all is chattel slavery.

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Any one who knows and understands the principles of the Church, knows that she is and must be opposed to slavery, and in favor of freedom for all men, whatever their complexion or the condition in which they were born. She asserts the unity of the race, and that by nature all men are free and equal. She treats the negro as a man, and a man with all the rights and properties of an individual of the human race. For her the negro is of the race of Adam, created by the same God, redeemed by the same Incarnate Savior, and destined to the same heaven as the white man. She makes no difference as to their moral and spiritual rights between white men and black men. She has for both the same baptismal, marriage and burial service, the same doctrine and morality, the same sacraments, the same worship, the same communion, the same promises, the same duties, the same privileges, the same hopes. She takes her Levites and consecrates her priests from both, as she finds them qualified. In this very country of ours, so full of prejudices against the negro, men with large admixture of negro blood, born of slave mothers, are now ministering at her altars, and St. Augustine, the greatest of the Latin fathers, was certainly an African, and some maintain a negro. *We have ourselves received Holy Communion with a negro next on either side of us.* She sends out her missionaries to Africa to convert the negroes to her faith, and recently some of her consecrated priests visited the Court of Dahomey, and were favorably received by the king, who granted them permission to convert his subjects. *Some of the most pious and devoted Catholics we have ever known, were full-blooded negroes.*

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The moment it is seen that the Church holds the negro child over the baptismal font, pours on his head the baptismal waters, and introduces him into the Regeneration, it is seen that she holds him to be a man, sprung from the race of Adam, sharing its infirmities, its wants, its privileges, its hopes, its glories. If he were of a different race, to baptize him would be as unmeaning, would be as great a profanation, as to baptize a horse, an ox, or a cannon. It is, then, certain that the Church teaches that the negro is a man, and, therefore, as a man, the equal of any other man. To enslave him, then, is just as great an offence in her eyes as it is to enslave a white man. This narrows the question down to the simple rights of man, eliminates from it all considerations of color, and puts the negro and the white in the same category.

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Hence, the Church, though tolerating to a certain extent, and under certain conditions, the holding of slaves, is always actively an emancipationist, and requires her children to be the same, as the illustrious Bishop of Orleans amply proves in the admirable Letter to the Clergy of his Diocese now before us. Not having any political power or means of social action in the United States, he can only express his sentiments, and call on his clergy to pray for the emancipation of our slaves. Pope Pius IX., gloriously reigning, has just shown the view of the subject taken by the Chief Pastor of the Church, for he has just conferred a knightship on M. Augustin Cochin, expressly for his recent admirable work on the Abolition of Slavery, heretofore noticed in this *Review*, while we are not aware that he has publicly honored our illustrious Archbishop [Hughes] for his attack on the Abolitionists or his mistaken defence of slavery and the slave trade.

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On the slavery question—a vital question in the present controversy—we regard Mr. Seward as the evil genius of this Administration. It was he who obtained the removal of Fremont from the command of the Department of the West—a measure, aside from the merits of that General, on which we pronounce no judgment, except to say that we have never been one of his partisans—that has proved disastrous in numerous ways, especially in dividing the National party, not the Republican party merely, but the National party, and in creating partisans for and against other Generals. We know Mr. Seward has said that he was the last member of the Cabinet that gave his vote for Fremont's removal from his command, which we believe is literally true, in the sense that he was the last member in the Cabinet that voted, at the meeting when his removal was finally approved; but we are not aware that he has denied that he urged or dictated the dispatch, two days before, removing him. Gen. Fremont, for good or bad reasons, has a firmer hold on the affections of the loyal people of the country than any other man in it, and his name excites a popular enthusiasm that no other name among us will or can, and, though we interfere not with military appointments, and ask not that he be given an active command, we tell the Administration that it cannot afford to alienate and discourage his friends any more than Mr. Seward can afford to dispense with the political support of Gen. McClellan.

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A friend sends the following extract from a private letter, from a source entitled to full credit, which we are at liberty to publish, only suppressing the name of the writer. We hope the wish expressed by Mr. Seward may find its explanation in the fact that it was expressed at a dinner-party, and near its close.

"July 21st, 1862.

"At a great diplomatic dinner on the 20th July, 1862, Seward first declared that he regrets not to have the power of Louis Napoleon, and to make a *coup d'état* against the Congress, which, by its Confiscation bill, has prevented a peace from being concluded with success; and further, that he for the first time understood the necessity for a Cromwell."

LABOULAYE ON THE REBELLION.

[M. LABOULAYE, the distinguished Frenchman now lecturing in Paris on American institutions, holds the following views concerning the rebellion.]

FIRST, he establishes that "*slavery is the true cause of the rebellion.*" This point M. Laboulaye treats with a force and energy that must carry all with him who are open to conviction. He asks: "Proofs?—proofs superabound. For thirty years the South has been in a perpetual state of conspiracy; for thirty years there have been but two *words* in their mouth—*slavery or separation*; for thirty years the history of the United States has been that of menaces and agitations on the part of the South, concessions and weaknesses on that of the North. Twenty-five years ago Channing predicted what is passing to-day. Thirty years have passed since a novel published by a Southern author, entitled 'The Partisan Leader,' announced the triumph of slavery and *separation* for 1861." M. L. continues his proofs, which are overwhelming and concludes with: "They have taken thirty years to lay the mine which has just exploded, and which, in its explosion, has shaken the republic; and the day after the disaster people are to be found in Europe to announce to us, in auracular style, that we are the dupes of appearances, and that they are slaughtering each other for a tariff. This is, indeed, relying too much upon the force of their own imagination and upon the simplicity of the public."

Secondly, "*The South has no right to secede—secession is revolution.*" These points are maintained with equal vigor. The author maintains that to attack the national unity is as much a crime at Washington as at Paris, and asks if there is any need of law to prove that there can exist a contract which one of the parties has a right to break at will. This question of the separation of the parts of a nation is one that touches Europe. "If, instead of discussing and resorting to reason, any discontented minority has the right of separation, where would this division—this crumbling of nations—end? Why may not a right of New Orleans to-day become that of Geneva, of Cologne, or of Strasburg to-morrow? As soon as *pronunciamentos* are acknowledged by political jurisprudence who can say where the principle of dissolution will stop? To go over to the enemy, even in time of war, will be only to use an absolute and imprescriptible right—the right of separation. It is the doctrine of free marriage and divorce at will introduced into the code of nations. Such are the principles engaged in this war; passion may obscure them, it cannot annihilate them."

Thirdly, *The commercial and political interests of France alike counsel neutrality.*

M. Laboulaye concludes with the following summing up and stirring appeal to his countrymen:

"The Americans have remained our *natural friends*, the defenders of neutrality. England alone can gain by a separation, which will enfeeble the European continent no less than the new world. I add that this would be one of the *fatal advantages* for which England would become an object of hatred to all nations.

"England has for her maxim that her navy ought always to be twice as great as ours (that of France) which is equivalent to saying that the English wish always to be in a condition to resist all Europe combined. Take away America, who holds England in check, and who forces her to respect the right of neutrals? Be assured that in the first continental war we should see reappear her ambition of past times and a preponderance of power from which we will be the first to suffer. The dismemberment of America would be the empire of the seas given back to our rivals. The unity of America is the freedom of the ocean and the peace of the world.

"Whatever may occur there is a duty to accomplish at *this moment* for the friends of liberty, for the friends of the grandeur of France. We must speak, we must enlighten the country, we must show it the abyss toward which it is urged by those mild politicians who, through love of peace, would force us into war; who, in the name of independence, would enrol us under the banner of servitude. Christians, who believe in the Gospel and in the rights of an immortal soul, even when it exists under a black skin—patriots, whose hearts beat for democracy and liberty—statesmen, who would not return to that colonial policy which, during two centuries, disgraced the seas with bloody contests—Frenchmen, who have never forgotten either Lafayette or the glorious memories which we have left in the new world—it is *your* cause which is being decided in the United States. This cause earnest men have defended for one year with a courage equal to their talent; our duty is to rally around them and to sustain with a firm hand the ancient French flag upon which is written '*Liberty!*'"

SPEECH OF B. GRATZ BROWN.

[We take the following fine passages from a masterly address by B. GRATZ BROWN, of St. Louis, before the General Emancipation Society of Missouri, Sept. 17.]

PRO-SLAVERY GENERALS.

It is, perhaps, the fate of all revolutions involving social changes, to be officered at the outset by the inherited reputations, great and small, of the foregoing time, and so far as this fate has fallen on our nation, it is less to be wondered at than deplored. But soon there comes the time for change, when the Fairfaxes, the Dumouriers, the Arnolds must give place to soldiers of the faith. And strange to say, it has ever happened that conjointly with the public assumption of the principle of the revolution, mediocrity, routine, half-heartedness have passed from command, and victory has replaced disaster. So much is historic. We may take comfort, then; for the uses of adversity are ours. Pro-slavery Generals at the head of our armies are the result of pro-slavery influence in our national councils, and the hesitancy of the government to proclaim officially any distinct policy of freedom has kept them there. By no possibility, however, can such, even if the chance victors of to-day, remain possessed of the future. I do not underrate the prestige of military success—but military prestige is as naught before the march of revolution; and it is only when revolutions are accomplished that the reputations of great captains become great dangers. Pro-slavery Generals, therefore, are only dangerous now from the disasters that accompany their administration. Their appreciation of the present being at fault, their methods, their reliances, their results will be inconsequent and without force. Witness the miserable months of projected conciliations, of harmless captures, of violated oath-taking, of Border State imbecilities, of Order No. Threes, of parolling guerillas, of halting advances and wasted opportunities. Could these things have been possible to commanders comprehending either the magnitude, the characteristics, or the consequences of the war that slavery has inaugurated, and that must end in slavery-extinction or the abandonment of our development as a free people? Or can it be possible that the same series of incompetencies and sham-energies shall be prolonged indefinitely? No! It needs not that I should insist how surely all such must give way before the force of a public sentiment which, when once on the march, speedily refuses to trust any with responsibility who are not born of the age. It was just such a common thought of the Long Parliament that gave a "new model" to their army and a "self-denying ordinance" to themselves, extirpating in sincerity from the former and imposing stoicism and self-sacrifice on each other. It was a similar growth of public opinion in France that set the guillotine at work to keep account of lost battles with unsympathizing Generals. The frequent question, then, of this crisis is, how long, my countrymen, shall we wait for the "new model" and the "self-denying ordinance" and the swift punishment in this day of calamitous command and disgraceful surrenders.

THE PRESIDENT AS DICTATOR.

No one has ever read of a more touching spectacle in the life of nations than that now presented by this people. Beyond any parallel it has made sacrifice of those things dear to its affections—I might almost say traditionally sacred from violation. All its rights of person and of property have been placed unmurmuringly at the disposal of the government, asking only in return a speedy, vigorous, uncompromising conduct of the war upon a true principle to an honorable ending. The *habeas corpus* has been suspended, not only in the revolted territory, but likewise in many of the loyal States. A passport system, limiting and embarrassing both travel and traffic, has been enforced with rigor. The censorship of the press not only controlls the transmission of news, but curtails even the expression of opinion within restrictions heretofore unimaginable. Arbitrary imprisonment by Premiers of the Cabinet, banishments summarily notified, exactions levied at discretion, fines assessed by military commissions, trials postponed indefinitely—in short, all the panoply of the most rigid European absolutism has been imported into our midst. It is not to complain that these things are recited; for, so far as necessary, they will be, as they have been, cheerfully borne with; but to show how tragic is the attitude of this nation and yet how brave. The President of the United States, to-day, holds a civil and military power more untrammelled than ever did Cromwell; and, in addition thereto, has enrolled by the volunteer agencies of the people themselves, a million of armed men, obedient to his command. Nay, did I say the President was absolute as Cromwell? In truth I might add that of his officials entrusted with administering military instead of civil law—every Deputy Provost-Marshal seems to be feeling his face to see if he too has not the warts of the Great Protector. If this were the occasion for stale flatteries of the Constitution and the Union, it might well be asked just here, where in that much lauded parchment and league is the warrant for these things specifically? But I carp not at such technicalities. Give him rather more power if necessary—give him any trust and every appliance, only let it be not without avail. And yet with all this sacrifice, with all this effort, with quick response to every demand for men and money, what do we see? A beleagured Capital, only saved by abandoning a year of conquest and long lines of occupation; the confidence of the whole nation shaken to its very foundations by accumulated disasters and halting policies; and the grave inquiry, mooted in no whispered voice by men who have never known fear in any peril, can this country survive its rulers? I do not say the doubt is justified; but I do say that it exists in many minds that have been prone heretofore to confidence. We have seen fifty thousand soldiers, the *elite* of the nation, sacrificed, and six hundred millions of treasure, the coin wealth of the people, expended. We have reached the stage of assignats and conscriptions, and are now summoning the militia of the loyal States to repel invasion. And can any one cognizant of our actual condition, and not misled by false bulletins, or varnished glories, stand forth and say, with truth and honor, we are any nearer a solution in this hour of the great crisis in which we are involved than we were a year ago? I challenge a response. Or will any delude you longer with the belief that a great victory will accomplish the ending? I do not believe it.

In the presence, therefore, of such thick coming danger, and having borne itself so continently and so well, has not this nation now the right to demand of President and of Cabinet, and of Generals, that there shall be an end of policies that have only multiplied disasters and disported armies, and a substitution of other policies that shall recognize liberty as the corner-stone of our Republic, and write Freedom on the flag.

WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES, in a speech at Cooper Institute, last week, said: You are met to tell those who are entrusted with the public affairs at Washington that they are sustained by a loyal and self-sacrificing people (applause); and that any measures which they have inaugurated or which they may introduce for the purpose of putting down this rebellion, will receive your earnest and continued approbation (applause). You are met to say to the President and to the army which he commands, that they must go forward; that millions upon millions of hearts all over the country, beat in unison with them in support of the great principle of the Declaration of Independence that Heaven-declared doctrine that "all men are created alike" (great applause, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs). You are met in support of the recent Proclamation of the President of the United States (tremendous applause, the whole audience rising and cheering), that greatest boon, next to the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, that ever was given to man (renewed applause); a proclamation which will write his name high in the annals of fame throughout all ages (continued applause). You are met to endorse that beautiful proclamation of the young General who commands our armies endorsing that proclamation—(applause)—a General who recently, at least, seems to combine the energy, and skill, and courage of youth with the prudence and discretion of age; and who is to lead our armies, if sustained, to victory conclusive and final (applause).

A SENSIBLE VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT'S EDICT.

THE die is cast; we do not not yet know which side up it will be found to have fallen. It is a fearful throw that has suspended the freedom or bondage of four million of men, and their posterity to all generations, upon the question whether the South, tired and worn with this desolating war, will submit to the humiliating condition of sending representatives to Congress before the first of January. The happiness or misery of millions; black Egyptian night or a bright millennial morning; groans, sighing and tears, or laughing, joyous springtime, as the birth-right of coming ages; civilized, enlightened, virtuous manhood and womanhood, or stripes, chains, degradation, prostitution and nameless vices, throwing their dark shadows onward to eternity, and there expanding into an outgrowth of unknown, unimaginable misery; these are the issues which now hang on the decision of the rebel States. Such an immense stake as the absolute possession of four million of people, to be held in right of property, it was perhaps never before in the power of any ruler to throw, as a weight to turn the scale of victory. This tremendous stake it has fallen into the power of President Lincoln to hazard. Long and well he has known the value of the stake; carefully has he watched the time to make the mighty venture, when it would be most likely to accomplish the object in view, the return of the disloyal States to the Union. At no previous time has there been even a remote probability that such an offer would be accepted; there is now but a bare possibility. Further delay would doubtless have made the chance of saving the Union by such a measure still smaller. To have brandished this weapon, as a threat, while we were ditching on the Chickahominy, flying across the Peninsula, or retreating from the second disaster of Bull Run, would only have excited the derision of our enemies; and we have good reason for believing that the proclamation has been delayed much longer than was intended, for want of the proper victory to give it emphasis, and secure it a consideration. Ten days before the battle of Antietam, the President said that such a proclamation would be like the Pope's bull against the comet; the moment he was fully assured of McClellan's victory, he sat down to write it. The opposition papers are making a great handle of the inconsistency, but there is no inconsistency about it; that battle, so complete a discomfiture of rebel expectations, afforded him just the opportunity he wished.

In addition to this repulse, the fact that vaster hosts than have yet been poured upon the rebel borders are shaking the whole North with their heavy tramp, will tend powerfully to impress our enemies with the necessity of accepting at once, if they ever intend it, the opportunity of making an advantageous peace. The President now says, substantially, to the South: "This is my last offer. Come back to the Union, and I will guarantee you all the privileges you have been accustomed to exercise as States. I have in my hand the destiny of some four million of human beings whom the Constitution and the laws of war have given to my disposal; I offer them to you freely if you will only cease rebellion; accept my terms, and they shall be secured to you forever, as your inalienable property, subject only to such laws as you yourselves may make. Your only hope of preserving this species of property depends on your connection with the Union; continue to repel our alliance, as you are now doing, and be assured the forfeit of every slave you own shall be the penalty."

This is an enormous price to pay for Union; the bodies and souls of four million of men, women and children, and their unborn offspring. If we had been in the President's chair, it would have cost us a good deal of mental agony before we could have made such an offer for the sake of the dearest Union under heaven. We do not doubt that it was a fearful sacrifice of feeling and conscience on the part of the President; we can conceive the agony that must have torn him, as he contemplated the bloody pictures of lust and cruelty in ages yet to come, that rose up before his vision as the inevitable consequences of the success of his appeal.

Many of the papers, we observe, in their rejoicings over the proclamation, seem to assume that there is no honesty in the President's offer; that he had no expectation of its being accepted, and if there had been any danger of this, he would not have made it. We cannot concur in such a view. We have not a doubt that the proposition was made in good faith, and that, if complied with by the rebels, the President will do all in his power, consistent with the acts of Congress, to carry his pledges into effect. We have the less hesitancy in believing it to be a *bona fide* effort of the President to win back and retain the South, from the fact that we have always used the negro in this way. His bondage has always been the price of our Union. The South made it a condition of union at the very first. Our fathers demurred; it hurt their consciences. Finally, they evaded the difficulty by framing a Constitution which, while it did not recognize slavery, was so shaped that slaveholders could use it for their purpose. Thus it ever has been used. Whenever the slaveholding States have threatened to rebel, the sacrifice of the negro's rights has been the bribe by which we have pacified them. He has been our stock in trade as well as theirs. They have been more outspoken than we, in their avowal that "black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect," but our actions have told louder than words that we virtually held the same position. No one will pretend that the legislation of our Congress has been guided by the principle of justice to the negro; at any rate, this has not been the case in any Congress previous to the present. The few members that have had the courage from time to time to avow their uncompromising regard for the equal rights of all, have been scouted as fanatics. In offering to barter the negro's freedom, using him as a motive and instrument for the effectuation of peace, regardless of his own natural inalienable rights, the President is only following out the course which has proved successful in settling quarrels of the North and South heretofore. We tremble at the bare possibility that his terms may be accepted. We devoutly hope this is the last time that the freedom of the colored race may ever be made an article of trade, or suspended on the contingency of loyalty or disloyalty on the part of oppressors.—*American Baptist.*

A BLACK BRIGADE, AND THE GOOD SERVICES THEY RENDERED.

DURING the recent excitement in Cincinnati, Gen. Wallace organized a brigade of colored men, and put it under the command of Judge William M. Dikson, as Colonel. Some members of the brigade lately presented a sword to their commanding officer. The following is Col. Dikson's speech in response:

SOLDIERS OF THE BLACK BRIGADE: You have finished the work assigned to you upon the fortifications for the defence of the city. You are now to be discharged. You have labored faithfully. You have made miles of military roads, miles of rifle-pits, felled hundreds of acres of the largest and loftiest forest trees, built magazines and forts. The hills across yonder river will be a perpetual monument of your labors. You have, in no spirit of bravado, in no defiance of established prejudice, but in submission to it, intimated to me your willingness to defend with your lives the fortifications that your hands have built. Organized companies of men of your race, armed and equipped at their own expense, have tendered their services to act in the defence of our city. In obedience to the policy of the government, the authorities have denied you this privilege. In the department of labor permitted, you have, however, rendered a willing and cheerful service. Nor has your zeal been dampened by the cruel treatment you have received. The citizens of both sexes have encouraged you with their smiles and words of approbation; the soldiers have welcomed you as co-laborers in the same great cause. But a portion of the police, ruffians in character, early learning that your *offered* services were accepted, and seeking to deprive you of the honor of a voluntary labor, before opportunity was given you to proceed to the field, rudely seized you in the streets, in your places of business, in your homes, everywhere hurried you into filthy pens and thence across the river to the fortifications, not permitting you to make any preparation for camp life. You have borne this with the accustomed patience of your race, and when under more favorable auspices, you have received only the protection due to a common humanity, you have labored cheerfully and effectively. Go to your homes with the consciousness of having performed your duty, of deserving, if you do not receive, the protection of the law, and bearing with you the gratitude and respect of all honorable men. You *have* learned to suffer and to wait, but in your hours of adversity remember that the same God who has numbered the hairs of our heads, and who watches over even the fate of a sparrow, is the God of your race as well as mine. The sweat blood which this nation is now shedding at every pore, is an awful warning of how fearful a thing it is to oppress the humblest being. Until our country shall again need your services, I bid you farewell.

ANOTHER SPEECH BY GEN. MITCHEL.

[The following is a portion of a late speech of Gen. MITCHEL to his officers at Port Royal, S. C.]

I WANTED also to say a word to you in regard to the unfortunate negro question. I think I may call it unfortunate, because I suppose we all feel that but for this there would have been no war and we should none of us have been wearing uniforms. I feel that I may speak about this question, for I was born in Kentucky, and I have given to the matter as close attention as it is in my power to give. I am convinced that we must destroy slavery or slavery will conquer us. A few months ago, we were not in this alternative. If we had destroyed the rebel army in the South-west and had taken Richmond (both of which I think might have been done), a division would have inevitably sprung up at the South. The party who from the first opposed secession and this war, would have turned on the rabid secessionists and said, "You have always said that the North meant to violate our rights and free our slaves. We have been at war for fifteen months and they have not done so. And see the position into which your counsels have brought us." And the peace party would have gained the ascendency at the South. But now all is changed. We did not beat them. Congress has passed and the President has approved an act that kills slavery in at least nine of the States. The South has become unanimous; and the North also. At the North if you hesitate about resorting to all means to put an end to the war, you are regarded as pro-slavery and disloyal.

There remains only the alternative I speak of. We must destroy slavery, or it will conquer us. I accept the issue. I believe that all the hopes of humanity for a thousand years to come are involved in this struggle. Rather than that this government should be overthrown, I am ready not only to see slavery exterminated, but also have every negro in these Southern States destroyed—and more, I am ready to see every white man in these rebel States destroyed also.

We must realize the state of affairs. We have not done so hitherto. I hear that there has been some criticism of the course adopted by my predecessor in this department in regard to the negro population. There has been some talking about "idle, lousy negroes," etc. The time for such talk has passed. We must use the negro. At the West we have protected whole tracts of corn and cotton—property of rebels—protected them better than their troops would have done, and then have been chased out and left them for the enemy to gather. There can be no more of that. If we can carry on these plantations here, by the labor of the negroes, and make it profitable, we must do so, and benefit ourselves at their expense.

I ask you all to consider this subject carefully, thoughtfully, as its importance demands.

Such was the substance of his remarks, which were listened to with deep interest, and with general assent by the officers in attendance.

TWELVE LITTLE DIRTY QUESTIONS.

WE should very much like to know what, in the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, constitutes a large and clean question. In the Protestant Episcopal Convention last Monday, Dr. Hawks, arguing that the Church must treat its rebellious children with "lenity, courtesy, and affection," used the following language: "We must not lug in all the *little dirty questions* of the day which will be buried with their agitation." One might retort upon Dr. Hawks, that the questions which have disturbed the diocese for some years past, have been, many of them small, and one of them at least, exceedingly dirty—to say nothing of piquant scandals in the neighboring diocese of Pennsylvania. To the Protestant Episcopal Church is unquestionably due the reverence of some of us, and the respect of others; but Heaven knows there is nothing in its history, nothing in its present position which justifies this sublime scorn of political affairs which Dr. Hawks professes. In England, from the days of Henry VIII. to the days of Victoria, the Church has been quite as much a political as a religious body—its Bishops have been courtiers and sometimes generals—it has been a political institution in Scotland and in Ireland—the reigning monarch has been its legal head—among its clergy have figured the keenest and most unscrupulous politicians, while for the last twenty-five years, though Laud has been in his coffin for more than two centuries, this Church, which never meddles with little questions, has been well nigh sundered upon points of architecture, of upholstery, of tailoring, of genuflexions, and of decorations; while in America we have had petty reproductions of the same differences, with the disgusting spectacle of a Right-Reverened Father in God riding, all booted and spurred, at the head of his rebel regiments. After this, to find Dr. Hawks so delicately squeamish, and so doubtful about the authority of the Church in public affairs, must excite commiseration both for his stomach and his understanding!

Shall the United States of America be deprived of an immense territory, acquired at a cost of blood and treasure absolutely incomputable? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. One.

Shall the Constitution of the United States be overthrown by the perjuries of its sworn defenders? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Two.

Shall the Loyal States see the rolls of their citizens decimated, the flower of their youth slain in battle, the homes only a little while ago the happiest in the world made desolate, the honest accumulations of industry scattered, the enterprises of benevolence arrested—and all without hope of indemnity or of security? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Three.

Shall the wildest and the wickedest perjury, the most Satanic defiance of the Majesty of Heaven, the clearest and least defensible of crimes, flourish and bloom in the establishment of a great empire, and out of the dissolution of society secure the prosperous fortunes of the turbulent and the ambitious? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Four.

Shall the great experiment of political self-government utterly fail, while we, crouching and crawling through the vicissitudes of anarchy, find refuge at last in blind obedience to the edicts of an autocrat? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Five.

Shall a system of labor be perpetuated, which, without regard to its abstract equity, without consideration of its injustice to the employed, has so demoralized the employer, that treason, robbery, and murder seem to him to be Christian virtues? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Six.

Shall a system of labor be perpetuated which so utterly degrades the spiritual nature of the enslaved, as to expose it, in its very yearning for sacred culture, to a fanaticism analogous to idolatry? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Seven.

Shall a system of labor be perpetuated, the very essence of which is a denial of the fundamental principle of Christian ethics—that the laborer is worthy of his hire? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Eight.

Shall those acts be considered by the Church mere peccadilloes when perpetrated by its Southern, slaveholding members, which, in its Northern communicants, it would at once visit with its censure, and even its excommunications? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Nine.

Shall a Church which every Sunday prays the Good Lord to deliver us "from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion," and, "give to all nations unity, peace and concord, still hold communion with a Church which is full of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion against the unity, peace and concord of the land? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Ten.

Shall a Church which every Sunday prays for "The President of the United States, and all others in authority"—not merely as they are fellow-men but because they are "in authority"—shall this Church withhold its censure of those of its members, who, in contempt of authority, are waging a felonious war against law and order? This is Dr. Hawks's Little, Dirty Question, No. Eleven.

Whether, finally, those communicants of the Church in the rebel States, who have been so disregardful of its discipline, and so false to its teachings, as to avowedly violate all laws, Divine and human, are entitled to anything more than Christian pity, are at all entitled, in their double tort, to Christian fellowship, is a Little, Dirty Question well worth the consideration of every Christian patriot; and is Dr. Hawks's No. Twelve.—*Tribune, Oct.* 11.

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.

SECRETARY SEWARD has addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, stating that the apprehensions of the people of the Central American States in regard to the proposed colonization expedition, have been wrought up to a panic by the efforts of certain ill-disposed persons, who have misrepresented its objects, and that it will be advisable, therefore, to modify the plans in regard to its movements.

A circular, bearing date Oct. 2, 1862, has been sent from the State Department to the diplomatic representatives of the different governments, on the subject of negro colonization. This is done because many persons of that race express a desire to emigrate, and many governments have manifested a disposition to avail themselves of the benefits of such emigration. The circular is intended as a project for a convention, and stipulates—first, that the emigrants must be allowed to go from free choice, if at all, and that agents must be appointed by the governments inviting emigration to superintend all details. Among those specified are a record of age, sex and condition, and place of embarkation and destination. Good vessels must be provided, with such accommodations that families need not be separated on the voyage, and such party of emigrants shall be allowed a special agent of their own choice, or that of the United States, if desired. On arriving at the destination, they shall be provided with comfortable dwellings and lands, and be owners, and occupied by them, or furnished sufficient employment or hire. They shall be provided with clothing and medicines, and their children educated in elementary knowledge—these provisions to continue for five years. It is generally provided that the children shall not be separated from parents; that the emigrants and their posterity shall forever be free; that liberty of conscience and right of property shall be guaranteed, and all privileges granted which shall be enjoyed by citizens of the country to which they go. Provision is also made against neglect and suffering by reason of poverty or sickness. No monopoly is intended to be given to any country in the matter, but a Convention will be made with whatever nation possessing a constitutional government shall choose to treat—the proposed limitation of such treaty being ten years.—*N. Y. Times, Oct.* 11.

DANIEL S. DICKENSON'S VIEW.

[We take the following extract from a speech by the Hon. DANIEL S. DICKENSON at Cooper Institute, New York, last week.]

SLAVERY.

Now that it is unnecessarily made the pretext for a wicked and causeless rebellion by the Southern people, I care not how soon I see it end. With no Abolition proclivities, in a political sense, but the reverse, I would not have gone out of my way to look up slavery in this conflict, or to avoid slavery, but would have treated like any other element, taking it when it would give us strength or weaken them, and employed it accordingly. I have never seen a moment since the outbreak when I would have touched the institution for itself alone, nor when I would not have cut it from its moorings in one hour if it would have aided in disposing of the rebellion, and I would do the same now. I hold the war power broad enough to cover the whole question, and I confess, in a time when our government is trembling in the balance before the world, I like to see it exercised when it is well, and boldly and thoroughly done.

I early saw that rebellion, if long continued, would end in emancipation—that from a necessity emancipation was to enter into the question, for as the rebellion progressed and declined, and was on its last legs, it would at the last moment liberate the slaves in its desperation, if events had not sooner practically done so, or emancipation had not then been proclaimed by the Federal government. I would have preferred practical and real acts in the premises as occasions demanded, under martial law, as such, to theories or paper proclamations, for I hold the war power abundant and legislation unnecessary; but the President having determined upon a proclamation, I would have preferred to see how it would work in the last few months of the old year, to the first day of the new.

CHARLES SUMNER AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

[It is almost needless to say that the following article is from the Springfield *Republican*. Our readers will find on our editorial page some reference to these ung

thizers to believe that Massachusetts is retracing her steps. They would regard the moral influence of his defeat as most earnestly to be deprecated. The radical anti-slavery sentiment which Mr. Sumner represents is to be found active and sympathetic all through the loyal States, and it never stops to ask the question whether Mr. Sumner is a good, practical legislator. It has no special interest in that question, so long as its peculiar sentiment and idea are represented. He is their champion, their expression. Now, these supporters, who fear that the defeat of Mr. Sumner would be misconstrued, are the only ones with whom we have a particle of sympathy. There is a measure of force in their plea, but we cannot fail to remember that if Mr. Sumner is hated, it is himself that is to blame rather than his idea. There are as good anti-slavery men in the Senate, as consistent, earnest and efficient as Mr. Sumner, who are not hated. We do not see why Massachusetts should be under everlasting obligation to suffer obloquy because her representative is personally offensive. If Mr. Sumner were the only anti-slavery man in the State, we would vote for him; but he is not.

It will be conceded, we think, that Mr. Sumner's strength, as represented by these three classes of supporters, is not insignificant; and now that an organized effort is being made to displace him, it is well for his opponents to measure his power and their own resources. How is he to be displaced? Not by trying to put into his place one who is less an anti-slavery man in principle than he. That cannot be done in Massachusetts. The old Bay State hates slavery, and she would carry Charles Sumner till doomsday rather than install any old hunker in his place. Mr. Sumner is to be displaced, if displaced at all, by one who combines with a genuine hatred of slavery practical gifts of statesmanship and liberality and catholicity of ideas surpassing those of Mr. Sumner. There are such men, and they may be had, we have no doubt. We bear Mr. Sumner no ill-will. We would not willingly wound his sensitive self-appreciation, or give him a moment of pain; but he does not own Massachusetts, and has no claim upon Massachusetts. We say what we say about him simply because we believe it is best for Massachusetts that he retire.

And now a single word as to the test which Mr. Sumner's friends have determined to apply to all candidates for all the offices—town, County, district and State—to be voted for in November. It is a new test. It does not touch a man's loyalty, or his active devotion to the government, or his adhesion to any particular principles. Every man who is voted for is to be asked the question wether he is, or is not, in favor of Charles Sumner. We repudiate and spit upon this test of republicanism, and we have nothing but contempt for the man who can be abject enough to submit to it. It is a degrading thing to be brought up to such a bull-ring as this—nose to the ground—axe overhead—and made to answer this question. No man is fit to go to the Legislature who will pledge himself, months in advance, as to what he will do when the time comes for balloting for Mr. Sumner's successor. If this is the only way in which Mr. Sumner can succeed, then he ought to be ashamed of the machinery which his friends are using for him. Changes come rapidly with the changing months, and it may be that the whole aspect of public affairs will have been so altered before next February, that it shall seem more desirable to all, and be most practicable, to place a new man in Mr. Sumner's seat with no disgrace or harm to him.

[The same newspaper, in its same issue, thus refers, in another place, to Mr. Sumner's recent address at Faneuil Hall.]

Mr. Sumner opened by appealing to all to unite in the support of the government and earnestly deprecating party strife at this perilous crisis, and then proceeded to denounce all men not of the Sumner party as full of "sweltered venom," and to declare that "they would rather enlist to put down a political enemy than to put down the rebel enemy of their country." Fudge, Mr. Sumner; you and your friends have purposely made this campaign in Massachusetts a mere personal squabble over the Senatorial chair occupied by Charles Sumner, and no National or State issues of any importance are at all involved in it.

THE OUTLOOK.

The proclamation has changed the bases of the parties, and has become itself the basis of a new party, gathering into its ranks all the earnest supporters of the government. These comprise the great body of the common people, who, having inherited from their fathers not only the free institutions of the country, but also the spirit of freedom out of which these sprang, are now resolved that the great sacrifices of the war—its cost in blood, in treasure, in tears—shall be recompensed with no less than universal liberty throughout the republic. The party of the opposition, inspired with an aim as low as this is high, have put forth for their platform a denial of political rights (as *The Journal of Commerce* expresses it) "not only to the slave, but to the negro." In other words, their manifesto is precisely that of the rebellion itself, as proclaimed in the speech of Vice-President Stephens. The Northern opposition to the government is thus as essentially disloyal as the Southern; for the Northern section of the party stands upon exactly the same ground with the greater body of their coworkers, who, in the South, are in open war against the republic.

But this Northern faction, a minority from the beginning, is now crumbling under the touchstone of the proclamation. The President's new policy carries the country with it. Within our memory, no great public measure ever met with more opposition before its enactment, or with less afterwards. The Tariff Bill was followed for months with murmurs; the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was long hooted to the echo; the Confiscation Act was a prolonged grievance; but the President's proclamation has encountered only the feeble remnant of a dying enmity, and now, after three weeks, is strangely greeted with the most applause by those who looked forward to it with the most foreboding. Do military officers shrug their shoulders at it? At least, none have yet succeeded in shrugging off their shoulder-straps. Did the President hint that fifty thousand bayonets would thrust the offending paper through and through? Never rose such a cheer from the army as when Abraham Lincoln rode along the lines a week after the proclamation. Was the edict to burst like a storm of revolution over the North? Never sailed a white cloud more gently over an April sky.

Listen, this morning, at the street corners; the passers-by are talking in favor of the proclamation. Step, this afternoon, into the Exchange; the rise in stocks crowns it with golden opinions. Newspapers, far and near, command it—except those whose very calumny is praise. Religious bodies everywhere are saluting it with resolves of approval—except the venerable conclave now sitting under the roof of St. John's, preserving the ancient conservatism of the Episcopal Triennial Convention.

In fact, not even an ordinary measure, passed in an ordinary time, often receives from the differing parties that divide the country so wide a unanimity of support as this great act which the government so long foresaw to be necessary, yet so long were afraid to venture. We hear from Washington that this wide-spread assent is a grateful surprise to the President. It excites a regret that he had not begun earlier to put faith in the people.

But the most gratifying feature of the public temper toward the proclamation is the evidence which it elicits, not merely of the substantial unity of the North in waging the war, nor of the restoration of popular confidence in the Administration, but of the happy growth of a genuine love of liberty among the masses. Is it not a cheering sign of the times that the general sense of justice is growing stronger?—that a new respect is being paid to the rights of men?—that a warmer feeling of human brotherhood is stirring within loyal hearts?

We believe that the distinguishing principles which underlie our government, and which constitute the true glory of our institutions, are more intelligently appreciated, and more devoutly enshrined in the affections of the common people to-day, than at any period since the War of Independence. The conspiracy to overthrow our liberty is only teaching us how the more to magnify its inestimable value. War, that usually lowers the moral tone of communities, is raising the moral tone of ours. As the struggle is based upon a sacred principle, the public virtue, so far from growing corrupt through the taint of war, is constantly purified by a holy fire kept burning in men's breasts.

The true moral progress of nations is best gauged by their attitude toward the lowest classes. Judged by this test, what is to be said of the Christian growth of this nation in these heroic days?

We behold a great people, in a struggle of life and death, staking all that they hold dear on a great issue which, stripping away all the disguises which conceal the one and only reason for the war, is plainly this: that we will not join hands in building up a despotism whose chief corner-stone is laid upon the body of the slave. Every flag that we send to the field has at last become a token that we will not suffer the despoiling of the poor. How sublimely Divine Providence is leading this nation up to a higher moral development, through the strange instrumentality of a war, begun for the maintenance of the public property, but ending in the maintenance of the dignity of man!

While the conflict goes forward, the most peculiar, the most touching spectacle which it offers to the world, is the strange position of that great but humble multitude who, at the beginning, were the innocent cause of the quarrel, and who now wait, in patience of hope, for its end! While all the rest of the nation are at war, *their* hands are lifted against no man? Of all the community, they are the only class in whose breasts no vengeance burns The Spirit of the Lord reigns tranquility in their hearts. Divinely led forward to their liberty, they come through no bloody path of insurrection, but, seeking from afar the shining tents of the armies of freedom, they wend their way thither with their little bundles of poverty upon their backs, with songs of joy upon their lips, and with prayers and thanksgivings in their secret souls!

Receiving a benefit, do they confer none? Is it an unrecompensing charity that gathers in these dusky children of God? Do they enjoy the national protection, and yield nothing but their unskilled service in return? No! They come bringing with them a new glory for our national history! The history of Christian nations derives its greatest glory by gifts from the poor, the despised, the oppressed. Thus, Russia was an outcast among governments, hated of the world for her tyranny, until her lowliest common people—loosed at last from their chains—stepped forward and suddenly led her into the rank of the humane nations? So this Republic of ours, too long defrauded of her just honor among the Christian powers of the earth, is now waiting until her bond-slaves—at last unbound—shall take her by the hand and lead her up to the chief seat among the nations of the earth!—*Theodore Tilton, in The Independent.*

CHARLES SUMNER'S SPEECH.

[We give place to the following extracts from the recent noble speech at Faneuil Hall by Charles Sumner, the occasion of which our Boston correspondent so graphically described last week.]

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

Thank God that I live to enjoy this day! Thank God that my eyes have not closed without seeing this great salvation. The skies are brighter and the air is purer, now that slavery has been handed over to judgment.

By the proclamation of the President, all persons held as slaves January 1st, 1863, within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. But beyond these most effective words, which do not go into operation before the new year, there are other words of immediate operation, constituting a present edict of emancipation. The President recites the recent Acts of Congress applicable to this question, and calls upon all persons in the military or naval service to observe, obey and enforce them. But these Acts provide that all slaves of rebels, taking refuge within the lines of our army, all slaves captured from rebels or deserted by them, and all slaves found within any place occupied by rebel forces of the United States, shall be forever free of servitude, and not again held as slaves; and these Acts further provide, that no person in the military or naval service shall, under any pretense whatever, assume to decide on the validity of any claim to a slave, or to surrender any such person to his claimant on pain of being dismissed from the service; so that by these Acts now proclaimed by the President, freedom is practically secured to all who can find shelter within our lines, and the glorious flag of the Union, wherever it floats, becomes the flag of Freedom.

Thank God for what has been already done, and let us take heart as we go forward to uphold this great edict. For myself, I accept the proclamation without note or comment. It is enough for me that in the exercise of the war power it strikes at the origin and mainspring of this rebellion, for I have never concealed the conviction that it mattered little where we struck slavery, provided only that we struck sincerely and in earnest. So is it all connected, that the whole must suffer with every part, and the words of the poet will be verified, that in striking "tenth or ten thousandth we strike the chain alike."

PERSONAL—CHALLENGES SCRUTINY.

On this most interesting occasion, so proper for gratitude, it is difficult to see anything but the cause; and yet, appearing before you on the invitation of a Committee of the Commonwealth, I must not forget that I owe this privilege to my public character as a Senator of Massachusetts. It is in this character that I have been often invited before; but now the invitation has more than its accustomed significance, for, at the close of a long period of public service, it brings me face to face with my constituents. In a different condition of the country, I could not decline the opportunity which is afforded of reviewing the relations between us; of showing, at least, how you took me from private station, all untried, and gave me one of your highest trusts, and how this trust was enhanced by the generosity with which you sustained me against obloquy and vindictive assault, especially by your unparalleled indulgence to me throughout a protracted disability; and, perhaps, might I be so bold, of presenting for your consideration some sketch of what I have attempted, conscious that, if not always successful, I have been at all times faithful to my convictions, and faithful, also, to your interests, sparing nothing of time or effort, and making up by industry for any lack of ability, so that during a service of more than eleven years I have never once visited home while Congress was in session, or been absent for a single day, unless when compelled by illness, and during the session which has just closed, filled with most laborious duties, I was not out of my seat, from beginning to end, for a single hour. But this is not the time for such a review. I have no heart for it while my country is in danger. And yet I shall not lose the occasion to challenge the scrutiny of all, even here in this commercial metropolis, where the interests of business are sometimes placed above all other interests. Frankly and fearlessly I make my appeal. In all simplicity I ask you to consider what I have done, as your servant, whether in the Senate or out of the Senate, in matters of legislation or in matters of business. If there is any one disposed to criticize or complain, let him be heard. Let the whole record of my public acts be opened and let any of the numerous persons who have come to me on business testify. I know too well the strength of my case to shrink from any inquiry, even though stimulated by the animosity of political warfare.

DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST TWO ACCUSATIONS.

But there are two accusations, often repeated, to which I reply on the spot, and I do so with less hesitation because the topics are germane to this occasion. The first is, that from my place in the Senate I early proclaimed slavery to be barbarism. Never shall the cause of freedom go by default if I can help it; and I rejoice that, on that occasion, in presence of the slave-holding conspirators, vaunting the ennobling character of slavery, I used no soft words. It is true that, in direct reply to most offensive assumptions, I proclaimed slavery barbarous in origin; barbarous in law; barbarous in all its pretentions; barbarous in the instruments it employs; barbarous in consequences; barbarous in spirit; barbarous wherever it shows itself, while it breeds barbarians and develops everywhere, alike in the individual and in the society to which he belongs, the essential elements of barbarism. It is true that, on the same occasion, I portrayed slavery as founded in violence and sustained only by violence, and declared that such a wrong must, by a sure law of compensation blast the master as well as the slave; blast the land on which they live; blast the community of which they are a part; blast the government which does not forbid the outrage; and the longer it exists, and the more completely it prevails, must its blasting influence penetrate the whole social system. And was I not right? Since then the testimony has been overwhelming. A Committee of the Senate has made a report, which has been extensively circulated, on the Barbarities of this Rebellion. You know the whole story to which each day testifies. It is in some single incident that you may see the low-water mark of social life, and I know nothing in which the barbarism of slavery is more completely exhibited than in the fate of our brave soldiers, dug up from honorable graves, where at last they had found rest, that their bones might be carved into keepsakes and their skulls into drinking-cups, to gratify the malignant hate of slave-masters.

The other accusation is similar in character. It is said that I have too often introduced the slavery question. At this moment, seeing what slavery has done, I doubt if you will not rather say, that I introduced it too seldom. If on this account I had neglected any single interest of my constituents; if I had been less strenuous whenever the foreign relations, or manufactures, or commerce, or finances of the country were involved; if I had failed to take my part in all that concerns the people of Massachusetts and in all that is embraced within the manifold duties of a Senator; then, indeed, I might be open to condemnation. But you will not regret that your Representative, who has been faithful in all other things, has been always constant and earnest against slavery, and that he announced from the beginning the magnitude of the question, and our duties with regard to it. Say what you will, the slave is the humblest and grandest figure of our times. What humility! What grandeur! both alike illimitable. In his presence all other questions are so petty that for a public man to be wrong with regard to him is to be wholly wrong. How then did I err? The cause would have justified a better pertinacity than I can boast. In the Senate of Rome the elder Cato, convinced that peace was possible only by the destruction of Carthage, concluded all his speeches, on every matter of debate, by the well-known words, "But whatever you may think of the question under consideration, this I know, Carthage must be destroyed." I have never read that the veteran Senator was condemned for patriotic ardor. With better reason far, I too might have cried always, "This I know, slavery must be destroyed"—*Delenda est servitudo.* But while seeking to limit and constrain slavery, I never have proposed anything except in strictest conformity with the Constitution, for I have always recognized the Constitution as my guide, which I was bound in all respects to follow.

Such are the accusations to which I now thus briefly reply. Now that we are all united in the policy of emancipation, they become of little consequence; for even if I were once alone, I am no longer so. I place myself with the loyal multitudes of the North, firmly and sincerely by the side of the President, where, indeed, I have ever been.

If you will bear with me yet longer in allusions which I make with reluctance, I shall quote as my unanswerable defence the words of Edmund Burke, when addressing his constituents at Bristol:

"And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are made against me. I do not stand here accused of venality or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. It is not alleged, that to gratify any anger or revenge of my own or my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man, of any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; farther than a cautious policy would warrant, and farther than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted."

Among the passages in eloquence which can never die, I know of none more beautiful or heroic. If I invoke its protection, it is with the consciousness that, however unlike its author in genius and fame, I am not unlike in the accusations to which I am exposed.

ONE OF THE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

The telegraph announces the death of William Fuller, of Needham, a private in the 18th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. The tidings afflicted me much. I knew that he joined the army from deliberate convictions of duty, and with the belief that it was to be a war for freedom; and I earnestly desired that he should live to see the glorious result he anticipated. He was an ardent Republican, and worked zealously for Fremont in the campaign of '56. He was a working man, and the enslavement of working men excited generous indignation in his breast. He was among the first three years' men that joined the army. Late in September, 1861, when he had been some time in Virginia, he wrote to me: "I enlisted purely from principle; to do what I could to save the free institutions of the country. We are hard at work, making entrenchments and cutting roads through the woods to Munson's Hill. We have to endure many privations and hardships; but these I will not dwell upon. I am willing to sacrifice the comforts of home, and even life itself, if the desired end can be accomplished by this war."

A month later, he wrote: "Before I came here I was often told that I should not think so badly of slavery, if I had been in the slave States. But I must say I have not yet seen any beauty in the system. When I do, I will inform you. While on picket duty, I often meet with slaves, and have opportunities of conversing with them. I said to one, who came into camp the other day, 'How have you been treated, Robert?' 'Pretty well, sar.' 'Have you been well fed and clothed?' 'Pretty well, till dis year. Massa had no money to spare dis year.' 'Was you contented?' 'No, sar.' 'You say you was pretty well treated, and pretty well supplied with food and clothes, why wasn't you contented, then?' 'Cause I wanted to be free, sar.' 'But what could you do to support yourself and your wife and children, if you were all free?' His face brightened, and you could see his eyes sparkle, as he replied, 'I'd hire a little hut, and hab a little garden, and keep a pig and a cow; and I'd work out by the day, and save money. I *could* save money. I've laid up eight dollars this summer; but if I couldn't lay up a cent, I should like to be free. I should *feel* better.' 'Can you read and write?' 'No, sar. But massa's mighty fraid to have us touch a paper; they say Massa Lincoln is going to free all the slaves.' 'Where did you hear that?' 'We used to hear massa say so, last Fall, before Massa Lincoln was President.' 'Did you ever hear of John Brown?' 'Yes, indeed, sar. There was great times down here when he come to Harper's Ferry. The folks was all skeered to death. They went from all round here to see him hung.' 'Do you think he was a good man?' 'Yes, sar, a mighty fine man.'"

"All the slaves I have met with talk in much the same way. I could fill pages with similar conversations. It is a false notion that slaves are contented if they are not beaten, and have enough to eat. Liberty is just as sweet to them as it is to us. I can say, from the bottom of my heart, may we never come to any terms with the rebels till this blot of slavery is wiped out. I, for one, would be willing to stay here ten years, and endure any amount of hardship, if at the end I could see America truly free. If the war could only accomplish this object, it seems as if I could say, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace.'"

At the close of November, 1861, he wrote: "I have been watching the tide of public opinion, and I rejoice to see that the sentiments of Sumner, Wilson and Fremont are fast gaining ground. Emancipation! Blessed word! I have prayed for it; I came here to fight for it; I am ready to die for it. When I first came here, they said I was as bad as a secessionist; and when I endorsed all Charles Sumner said at Worcester, they told me if I had such views I had better have staid at home. But I stood my ground firmly, and spoke the honest convictions of my heart; for I know that Mr. Sumner is right, and that the right will conquer at last. I have sometimes feared it might not be in my day; but I now feel that the tide is setting strongly in the right direction. A great change has been wrought within a few months. I feel a stronger interest in the subject than ever, since I have seen the poor slaves and talked with them. No one that inquires of them can have a doubt that they are longing for their freedom. I know that they are expecting us to free them, and are ready at a word to help us. We have the power to do it; why do we delay? The day *will* come when the Stars and Stripes will wave over a country truly free; that it may come *soon* is the earnest prayer of a poor soldier."

In January, 1862, he wrote: "The other day, in going out to the line of our pickets, which is near to the rebels, I passed by a house where a fine-looking colored lad of seventeen was holding a horse. He told me his master was in the rebel army. He had taken all his money away with him; but his mistress, who was a Union woman, made heaps of money by selling victuals to the United States soldiers, cooked by his mother, who was one of her slaves. He said that his mistress had a pass to go to the line of our pickets whenever she liked, and that she wanted to take him with her to work for a man near our outposts. I advised him not to go, lest it should prove a trap. When I passed the house, a fortnight later, I saw the same lad chopping wood, with a book peeping from his pocket. I asked him what he did with it. He said he wanted very much to learn to read, and that a little boy of six years was teaching him. What a picture it would make, that poor slave learning his letters of a little child six years old! I wish I were an artist, that I might paint it. In the course of our short conversation, the lad told me he had found out why his mistress wanted him to go to our outposts to work for a man. She and her husband had agreed upon a meeting near the lines, and he wanted to take this young slave to work for the rebel army. So much for this woman's pretended Union sentiments! The trouble is, too much confidence is placed in the loyal professions of these people. I am not surprised that you are sometimes despondent concerning the prospects of the country. I am also. Oh, what a chance is offered us to make this a really free country—a fitting home for the oppressed of all nations! Will this glorious opportunity be lost! If so, who will be accountable? It surely will not be the poor soldiers, who, at their country's call, have left home and families, all that was near and dear to them. I have taken some pains to find out the sentiments of those around me, and, almost to a man, they say we can never have permanent peace till slavery is abolished. Here are two hundred thousand men ready to go forth, at the *word*, to Victory or Death, and I believe they are generally desirous to see Freedom to All inscribed upon their banners. I will not believe that the glorious opportunity is to slip by us. Surely, God will not permit it. He hears the prayers of the poor slaves, and of those who have been working and praying for them for years. I still pray on, and hope on. I want to do much; but how can I do more than I am doing? I must perform my duty, and wait for the wheels of government to move. They seem to move so slowly, that I long to put my shoulder to the wheels and push them along."

"From appearances, I judge we shall have a battle soon. When the time for action comes I shall try to do my duty, God helping me. I have written my views to you fully, that if it should be my lot to fall in battle, you may know with what feelings I go into the conflict. The extermination of slavery, and freedom for all through the whole length and breadth of the land, is the idea that nerves my arm. May God give me strength! May victory be ours! And through our efforts may the millions now in bondage be able to proclaim to the world, 'Once we were slaves, but now we are all free men!'"

The expected battle was indefinitely postponed, as we all know; and the soldiers waited patiently for the slow wheels to move. The last of July, 1862, six months later, after the seven days' battle before Richmond, followed by a retreat of the U. S. Army, Mr. Fuller wrote: "We have been so hurried that I have had no time to collect my thoughts until now. I was at Savage's Station on Saturday, after the fight at Gaines's Mill. All day I assisted in the care of the wounded, some two thousand in number. May I never see such dreadful sights again! And to think they had to be left to the mercy of the rebels! Oh, it was too painful! But they were all patient, not a murmur or complaint. What a 'lesson it taught me!'"

"Now we have a little rest; and as I sit near the banks of James River, my mind is busy with reflections concerning the last five months. I need not speak of the great sacrifices of life and property, of the recent bloody battles and the defeat of our army; you know it all. The thought ever present to my mind is, what have we accomplished by all our toil and hardship, suffering, and death? Is freedom any nearer at hand? Is the nation even so strong as it was five months ago? What are our prospects for the future? The men are disheartened. It must be confessed that something is wrong somewhere. Who is responsible for this defeat? The people ought to know. The poor soldiers ought to know. Let the truth be made known!"

"It is my firm conviction that if President Lincoln had proclaimed emancipation at the beginning of the war, the end would be much nearer than it now is, and there would have been far less expenditure of blood and treasure. Emancipation is a strong word, but it *must* come to that, before we can have peace. I know I am not competent to advise the President; but these are my honest convictions, confirmed day by day, the more I see of this accursed system of slavery, which is the cause of all our trouble. I am teaching some slaves in our camp; that is, they *were* slaves, but I pray to God they may never be so again."

The next I heard from Mr. Fuller was that he was wounded in the last battle at *Bull Run*. In answer to my inquiries, he informed me, by another hand, that he had been badly wounded in the shoulder, but was doing well. He added, "My consolation is that I have done what I could."

A week afterwards they told me he was dead. I thought of him as I last saw him, a healthy young man, full of life and hope. He had few advantages for education in his youth, but his remarks evinced good intelligence and a generous heart. He left a wife and young children and went into the army, not from the mere contagion of public excitement, but from convictions of duty, after deliberate reflection.

He was "only a private"; his name is unknown to fame; but I honor his memory, as a brave man, a true patriot, and, better still, a friend to the whole human race, of all nations and colors. It fills my soul with sadness to think of the last words he wrote to me: "Something is wrong somewhere. The poor soldiers ought to know."

Alas! thousands of poor, weary soldiers have doubtless gazed on the rivers and hills of Virginia, while they asked themselves, despondingly, "What has been accomplished by all our privations, toils and sufferings?" Thousands of brave young souls have passed away with heroic patience, saying, "My consolation is that I have done what I could."—*Mrs. L. Maria Child, in The Commonwealth.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

PENNSYLVANIA STATE MEETING.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Horticultural Hall, West Chester, on Saturday, the 25th inst., at 10 o'clock, a.m. A full attendance of the members and friends of the Society is requested, while a cordial invitation is extended to all others favorable to the cause, in or out of the State, to be present and participate in the proceedings of the meeting.

The anti-slavery movement is presenting itself in a new aspect. It has reached a point in its progress where new obligations are devolved upon those who support it. We are now entering upon the constructive stage of our enterprise, the duties of which, though not less arduous, are in some respects less onerous than those which have heretofore demanded our energies. What these new obligations are, will form a natural subject of inquiry at the approaching meeting. It is sufficient for the present to say that topics of the most interesting and cheer-inspiring character will be considered, and that parties in all respects competent will be present to give value to their discussion.

JAMES MOTT, President.

J. M. McKIM, Corresponding Secretary.

CONSERVATISM.

The nomenclature of parties has always been one of the curiosities of History. In almost every instance the names of parties have been bestowed upon them in reproach and derision and accepted as honorary distinctions, and made the inspiriting watchwords of political contests and of conflicts in arms. Whig and Tory, Jacobite, Jacobin and Democrat, and many others, were baptisms bestowed by enemies, but received and used in a sort of defiance as characteristics sufficiently descriptive. Radical reformers were shortened into Radicals in England and made the appellation of the branch of their assailants they most hated, by those who were in the enjoyment of hereditary privileges or antiquated abuses. The Radicals did not disdain the denomination, but turned it to their own account against their adversaries. When the good old distinctions of Whig and Tory began to grow less marked in the confusions of party occasioned by the public-economical reforms of Sir Robert Peel, about twenty years ago, a new party calling itself Conservative was mixed up out of materials drawn from both the old parties, and what was left behind christened itself the Liberal party, the one representing the idea of retardation and the other that of progress.

These styles have been imported into this country, and there is now a set of men who call themselves Conservatives, and apply as a term of contumely the name of Radicals to the public men and their supporters who would have the present war carried on, if not for the destruction of slavery, at least without regard to its preservation, if it stand in the way of victory. These last have not taken the title to themselves, though they well might, as it expresses what is most honorable and all that is historical in our current annals. The word Conservative, thus borrowed from English politics, has been used as a disguise for those who wished to do suit and service of the most abject nature to slavery and yet were unwilling to call and profess themselves Democrats, the style by which this class of politicians formerly preferred to distinguish themselves. The thing they were willing to be, but the name they had not the strength of mind to endure. And here we may remark in passing to the circumstance that parties occasionally entirely change their nature while holding on the most resolutely to their names. The Democratic party in its origin was gathered to oppose the policy of the Federalists to organize a strong government at Washington, and to vindicate the rights and powers of the separate States. But for the last thirty years, until the slaveholders abdicated the throne of the Union, as long as they were masters of the situation, the Democrats were the most servile of tools in their hands for centralizing the National government and making the Congress and the Supreme Court absolute over the State Legislatures and Judiciaries. The term Democrat stood for precisely opposite ideas in 1800 and in 1850. Since the slaveholders fell back from us with the single purpose of coming on again and establishing their power the more absolutely over us, the portion of the Democrats who really had an honest purpose and who were deceived as to the designs of their slaveholding allies, have rallied to the side of the President; while the worser part has slid by the moral gravitation which directs the motions of political bodies to the lower depth in which the Conservatives wallow in the mire.

There is nothing in the word Conservative that is inherently disgusting or revolting. Like the word "accommodate" in Bardolph's time, "it was a good word enough until it was ill-sorted." But so ill-sorted has it become that there is no term in all political technology so nauseous and repulsive. It is worse than slavocracy or slave-driving, for it stands for the very meanest of the slaves of the slaveholders and the slave-drivers—for the willing slaves, those who love their servitude and prefer it to virtuous freedom, and who not merely do not welcome the prospect of their deliverance, but do all in their power to hinder its ever coming to pass for themselves or for others. It is the most unaccountable of all persuasions that a black slave, kindly treated from infancy in his master's family, and who has formed the strong affection of the African race for its members, should prefer to remain in the house where he was born and had grown up, when the chance of freedom and self-dependence is offered to him, is a conceivable thing. We know, indeed, that such cases exist, though they are much fewer than the defenders of slavery pretend. But that white men, generally of good estates and tolerable education, should be so besotted by their bondage to the slave-masters that they choose it rather than liberty, when it is offered to them, is one of the psychological enigmas of the time. And that they should feel this loyalty to their masters to a degree which breeds in them the most malignant hatred and inveterate malice against all who would rid them of their bonds, and especially the more prominent among them, is a further complication of the puzzle. But, we may truly say, that, of all parties that have ever appeared in any country where parties are possible, this is the vilest the most abject and the most loathsome.

There has been always some excuse for the parties which the history of the world has shown to have been inherently mischievous. The Catholics who maintained the Infallible Church against the attacks of Protestantism had the authority of many centuries of faith to palliate even their cruelties in her cause. The Cavaliers who stood up for Church and King against Cromwell and the Puritans have to this day a glamor of chivalric admiration thrown around them for their devotion to a falling cause, even in the eyes of those who rejoice the most over their downfall. Our own Tories had something to respect in the character which made them remain steadfastly loyal to the king under whose sceptre they had grown up, and to encounter exile and confiscation in his behalf. The English Tories, as long as there was such a party, had a side which appealed to the imagination and the associations of old time, in their bigotry for the good old institutions of the exclusion of Dissenters, the persecution of Catholics, Rottenborough Parliaments and the corn-laws. But there is nothing about the *soi-disant* Conservatives of our days that can ever inspire a poet or romance-writer with the wish to make an heroic movement out of theirs. They must ever remain the nastiest collection of the dregs and the scum of politics that ever ran together to be a stench in the nostrils of honest men, now and forever. Slave-overseers without pay, volunteer slave-patrols, amateur slave-catchers and slave-jailers, without the excuse of immediate interest or of hereditary habitude—there is nothing in history that answers to them. Nothing but a system of slavery like ours could have bred vermin like these out of its slime. Willing slaves, offering their necks to the foot of their masters and striking at the life's life of the men who would make them free indeed! It is one of the penalties made inseparable from such a crime as slavery that such men should be possible.

> "And they, so perfect is their misery,
> Not once perceive their foul disparagement,
> But think themselves more comely than before."

The fate of the country would be wretched, indeed, if such men could gain the mastery in its affairs for which they are plotting. There is no demand of the enemy that they would not anticipate by their baseness to purchase his favor. For, with all their professions of loyalty to the Constitution, they are worse rebels at heart than Jefferson Davis. For he is willing to leave us at the North to our own devices, whereas they are conspiring to make us all the most servile of his slaves. We trust and believe that this malignant faction will be trodden out of existence by the people of the North next month, as a rat is squelched under the tread of an elephant. We know that it will, if there is but an active canvass and a united rally. The enemy within our own gates is more to be dreaded than he that is thundering at them. Forewarned should be forearmed.

CHARLES SUMNER.

A LIE will go half over the world while truth is putting on her boots, the wisdom of ages tells us.

This activity gives falsehood a great advantage at the start, and truth finds her progress seriously obstructed by calumnies, sown beforehand by the great adversary, and springing up all along her path.

Through the constant repetition of such calumnies, spoken and printed by the organs of opposition to reform—and diffused with equal zeal by ribalds in *The Herald* and Pharisees in *The Journal of Commerce*—Mr. CHARLES SUMNER has come to be spoken of as a radical, a fanatic, a man of extravagant ideas and intemperate speech. Nothing could be more absurdly at variance with the reality. Those who know him understand very well that two of his most decided characteristics are moderation of thought, a constitutional hesitancy at extreme views, and a special carefulness that his speech shall not go beyond his thought. He belongs to the class of moderate, in contradistinction to fanatical men. He carefully examines, to test the soundness of measures reputed extreme, not only before openly committing himself to them, but before mentally accepting them. And both before and after such examination, he is scrupulously careful not to let his language represent to others a situation, a fact or an idea more strongly than he feels it.

Though this constitutional tendency of Mr. Sumner's mind remains unchanged, he has been forced by circumstances to the frequent use of strong language, and to a position in public debate antagonistic to that of a majority of his fellow-citizens. Growing up in a community whose liberties, rights and interests were constantly more and more infringed upon by Southern slavery, and finding the character and tendencies of that institution vehemently debated by many persons around him, it became indispensable that he should examine and understand that subject. In advance of such deliberate examination, and even far through the process of making it, he shrank from the views taught by Mr. Garrison, and the policy which that gentleman recommended in regard to slavery. Not only was he not attracted to mingle in the excited debates to which that subject gave rise, he did not see the *need* of such intensity of feeling, language and action respecting it.

This examination brought important light to Mr. Sumner's mind. It showed him slavery, not only as a strange anomaly in the midst of institutions called free, Republican and Christian, but as a progressive corrupter and depraver of those institutions. He saw its influence manifestly exerted to deteriorate the quality and reduce the amount of the civilization, the morality, the intelligence and the religion existing among us. And after clearly seeing this, and seeing that a progressive depravation so extensive and so pernicious required the most vigorous efforts to arrest it, he manfully stepped forward to do his part in this work, and, in a speech the vigor of which impressed itself alike upon friends and enemies, held up slavery to the detestation of the world as "Barbarism."

No one expression used by Mr. Sumner has excited so much rage among the defenders of slavery, North and South, as this; and it is mainly on the strength of this that the Massachusetts Senator has been denounced as a fanatic. Never was an epithet more absurdly misplaced. He has used language of unusual energy and emphasis, but only after having demonstrated that no terms less strong will adequately describe the phenomenon in question. He has spoken strongly, because all around him were sleepers, whose own welfare (as well as the public safety) required that they should be awakened. He has raised his voice to tones that commanded attention, because, while those who needed his appeal were sleeping, interested parties were striving to maintain the torpor, and to prevent all interposition. But no heat of debate nor opportunity of retort has provoked him to say more than absolute truth and reason will warrant. If any candid man will sit down with him to a discussion of these matters, he will be compelled to admit that Mr. Sumner has never gone too far, either in language or action. In short, to call him a fanatic, or a radical, or an extremist, for his course in regard to slavery, is as great a misuse of language as to apply those terms to a schoolmaster, the dullness of whose pupils should compel him to insist with great energy and emphasis upon the fact that two and two make four.

Is there anything fanatical in the following sentence?

"The Slave Power constitutes the most formidable antagonist to civilized progress which has appeared for many centuries, representing a system of society at once retrograde and aggressive, a system which, containing within it no germs from which improvement can spring, gravitates inevitably towards barbarism, while it is impelled by exigencies, inherent in its position and circumstances, to a constant extension of its territorial domain."

This statement, every syllable of which may be proved to the satisfaction of any candid inquirer, expresses, in language not unlike Mr. Sumner's, the very ideas respecting slavery which he has been accustomed to express, and for which he has been called a fanatic and a calumniator. It was written, however, not by Mr. Sumner, but by J. E. Cairnes, Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, whose excellent work on the Character, Career and Probable Designs of the Slave Power has just been republished here. Of this work a competent critic has told us that it is a masterpiece of analysis' argument and statement; that it displays an intimate acquaintance with American history and politics, with entire freedom from partisan bias; and that it is a deep, calm, accurate, comprehensive, thoroughly philosophical and thoroughly practical view of the subject in all its relations. Yet it is just such ideas and just such expressions as these which have brought upon Mr. Sumner a perfect hailstorm of opprobrious epithets, and caused the intensest malignity of feeling and action to be manifested towards him.

A specimen of one of the ordinary operations of slavery, recorded in a newspaper paragraph, now lies before us. It relates that an aged colored man recently died in the Zanesville (Ohio) Infirmary, who was a slave in Fairfax County, Virginia, in the days of Washington, and was thirteen years of age at the time of Braddock's defeat. During his slave life, *in accordance with the arrangements of his several masters*, he had seven wives.

Virginia has been, preëminently, the slave-*breeding* State. To supply the "vigintial crop," which an eminent Virginian has seriously specified as the main source of the wealth of that State, arrangements were as carefully made by the slave-masters

CONCERNING A POLITICIAN'S RECORD.

A Good politician ought to have a bad record. With the ever-changing opinions of the multitude, and the ever-changing platforms of the parties, a man who is likely to be chosen for a political candidate must have attractions which will not only draw together the party of his friends, but draw away from the party of his enemies. If the Republicans want a candidate, do they not scan every nook and corner of a Convention to find the man who has heretofore spoken most in praise of the Democrats? So it happens that, for party purposes, it is well, in one's speeches, to have said something in favor of both sides. The only inconvenience resulting from this plan is, that whereas one's record of past inconsistency is made a virtue of by present friends, it sometimes furnishes occasion to an opponent to catch up his man on the fork of criticism.

We have been reading the late speech of Horatio Seymour, Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, in reply to a speech by Lyman Tremain, Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Tremain, being not long ago a thorough-going Democrat and a coadjutor of Mr. Seymour, and since made a candidate against his old friend, is made the victim of some disagreeable comments by his adversary, in a showing-up of old records which, to say the least, would be rather mortifying to any man but a politician. We make some extracts, as follows:

They say that he is a patriot and that I am a traitor. Why? Less than two years since we were members of a Convention called to avert, if possible, the calamities of civil war. At its opening I urged the duty of submitting to the people a plan for conciliation. Earnestly, imploringly, but respectfully I entreated those who had triumphed at the late election to save our country, and to spare its blood. I did not justify nor palliate rebellion—as I have ever opposed the doctrine of a higher law which teaches that we may resist laws or oppose authority, provided our opinion, or passion, or prejudice incline us to do so. I stated my purpose to yield to the mandate of those who had a right to decide, in these words:

"To do this we must have unity of action; all must agree to submit to some tribunal. The present difficulties have sprung into existence since the last popular election; they have taken this whole community by surprise, and conflicting views are held with regard to the proper line of action. To secure this union of purpose, for one, I am in favor of making an appeal to the Republicans and to the Legislature of this State, to submit the proposition of Senator Critenden to the vote of the people of New York: if it is approved, then we will exert ourselves to secure an adjustment upon that basis—if, upon the other hand, it is rejected, then we shall know that the people of this State are opposed to the policy of compromise and conciliation."

Upon the following day Mr. Tremain addressed the Convention in terms of bitter reproach against the Republican party, and said: "*But, gentlemen, while I do not justify secession in the abstract, we must not forget that the South has had the most terrible provocation to which civilized man has ever been subjected.*" Again: "I would like this Convention to take up those and other measures tending toward conciliation and peace, and wish to say that, traitorous though it may be, I stand here to oppose the policy of war with the South, now, hereafter and forever."

I aver that I sought in my speech to induce a triumphant majority to act with moderation and magnanimity and to avert this war. I charge that the speech of Mr. Tremain was calculated to encourage the secessionists of the South to go on with their rebellion. It is said my speech was traitorous—I challenge the Republicans to publish it in full. If the charge is not false, they can convict me of treasonable purposes. I dare them to publish the speech of Mr. Tremain, and let them decide between us.

* * * * * * *

In the progress of the war, our army before Richmond was sacrificed by meddling and intrigue. A partisan policy was cemented with the blood of our soldiers. At a numerous meeting of leading Democrats, then held at the Capital of our State, I introduced a resolution declaring that it was our duty, that we were bound by honor and patriotism to send immediate relief to our brethren in the field. A terror-stricken press, that now riots in calumny, hailed this resolution with gratitude and praise. At the request of the Adjutant-General I named a committee to get volunteers in the senatorial district in which I live, and at his request I was placed at its head, although I advised him that continued absence from my home, and neglect of my affairs, made it a great sacrifice to give my attention to its duties. While I was thus engaged, acting harmoniously with this Committee, a majority of whom were politically opposed to me; and when by its exertions, and by the patriotic assistance of the citizens of Oneida, the Fifth Regiment was added to the number which had gone from that County since the beginning of this war; and when I had addressed eight or ten public meetings, notwithstanding the pressure of my duties—more meetings than I shall address in behalf of the ticket upon which my name is placed—and while I was receiving the congratulations of Republicans—against my wishes I was placed in nomination for the office of Governor. From that moment I have been denounced as a traitor. A nomination having been given to Mr. Tremain at another Convention, from that moment he has been called a patriot. Why are these terms applied to us? Simply because I adhere to a party which I conscientiously believe can save this country, and which I have always supported; and simply because Mr. Tremain has been "suitably rewarded" by a party he has always denounced and opposed. It may be severe to call me a traitor, but is it not cruel to call Mr. Tremain a patriot?

* * * * * * *

The following contains a double allusion to William Curtis Noyes, President of the meeting at which Mr. Tremain made his speech, and to Daniel S. Dickinson, who spoke at the same meeting:

I have alluded to one of the speakers at the meeting held at this place on Wednesday last. When the President of that assemblage listened complacently to the suggestion of Mr. Tremain—who, after vainly attempting to answer my speech, called for its suppression—he was acting consistently with his history. I remember him as one of those who violently broke up an Abolition meeting, and drove it out of the church in which it met. I protested against that act. Mr. Noyes has a right to change his views; but penitence should make men modest, not abusive. If it does not teach him courtesy in the use of terms, he should learn a little skill in their application. After stating that the Democratic party was broken into fragments at Charleston by a band of traitors and conspirators, he goes on to say that the worst of the traitors are the conspirators now in arms against the country, headed by their candidate for President. He then, in malice or ignorance, introduced to his audience the Hon. D. S. Dickinson, who advised his friends to go with the secessionists into the Richmond Convention, and who supported Mr. Breckinridge at the last Presidential election. Mr. Dickinson also addressed meetings with William L. Yancey, and gave countenance to his declaration that the Sought ought to withdraw from the Union in the event of Mr. Lincoln's election. Since that event, in a speech published under his supervision, he said:

"All the paper laws we have—all the strength, force and power of the Constitution, the army and navy, the National legislature, and the Executive powers of government—are all not worth a single rush to compel a State to remain one hour in the Confederacy longer than it chooses to remain."

When from fear the candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor and the Attorney-General turn informers against those who have been led into crime by their speeches, it is natural that mingled shame and fear should make them demand suppression of speech. But is it not a gross insult to this community to put such men forward to heap epithets upon your friends and neighbors whom you do know to be honest, true and loyal men?

We quote the above extracts to show how much more comfortable it is, on the whole, to have been an out-and-out Abolitionist, from the start, with a clear record all the way down, than a Politician, always changing with the times, and always subject to the risk of having some Horatio Seymour rise up to mortify one with disagreeable reminiscences!

The Time of the Proclamation.—We make the following extract from a late discourse on the President's proclamation by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston:

The time when this act was done has also its significance. It was at the equinox, when days and nights are equal. *Our* day and night seemed equal—our good fortune and bad about balanced. We had been defeated and driven out of Virginia. We defeated the rebels and drove them out of Maryland. It was when the storm of war was at its height, the great equinoctial storm. But at this equinox the sun turns to go South, and so the sun of freedom, which has illuminated the North so long, filling it with knowledge, with prosperity, with progress, now turns to illuminate the South with the same blessings. Under the warmth and light of freedom, the South shall be civilized and lose its barbarism. Its feudal system shall give way. Manufactures shall penetrate it, common schools shall be spotted over its hill sides and make its beautiful valleys more beautiful with the advancing culture of a great people. Instead of the cry of the slave under the lash, there shall be the glad hum of free industry; instead of the shrieks of the tortured negro, the happy laughter of the African laborers, elevated by education, and dignified by independence and requited industry. Is not the sun then turning South, and was not this great action well done, on that day?

A Liberal Opinion in a Slave State.—The Cambridge *Intelligencer*, one of the most widely circulated and ably edited of the local journals of Maryland, and which is published in the large slaveholding County of Dorchester, gives a hearty welcome to the proclamation of the President, and in the course of its remarks says it never doubted that the war which the rebels inaugurated would prove the destruction of slavery.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

Ghent, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is with great rejoicing that I am able to express the hope, and the *belief*, that the work of the *specific* anti-slavery movement will, at a not far distant period, have been consummated, that it is "nearing its end." There is a very good little book by Eliot, the title of which is "The Discipline of Sorrow." Its lesson is that, through sorrow, we are chastened in spirit, and are led into the paths of rectitude and holiness, from which we had wandered. Thus I trust will it prove with those among whom we have in years past labored in the service of the anti-slavery cause. Pointing out their complicity with slavery, religiously, politically, commercially and socially, we entreated them in the name of outraged and suffering humanity, and for conscience sake, to repent and do works meet for repentance. We were disregarded, and our counsels scorned, and after a quarter of a century of such effort, forlorn, indeed, seemed the hope of the slave. At last came war, as the acute and more external development of the long-standing disease of slavery. For a year and a half, during the progress of the bloody tragedy, with its hundreds of thousands of sacrifices, official devotion to slavery continued. (Nor has it yet *ceased*.) And for three months prior to the twenty-third of September last, suspense and agony of spirit, such as had never before been known, multitudes of people realized in anxious solicitude as to whether through the sore necessities and sorrows of war there would at last, as a compensation, be even a military exodus for the slave.

With the continued madness of the rebels (about which there is not much room for doubt), the proclamation of Emancipation by the President revives and strengthens hope. *A day has been named officially whereon the great majority of our clients are morally certain to be declared* FOREVER FREE. It is not the day appointed of true repentance. That is always *to-day*. The doors of compromise are thrown wide open, and temptingly large is the offer to the rebels to come back again to their whilom allegiance in the undisturbed worship of their idol of slavery. Terrible indeed is the contingency, and awful the contemplation of such a future as would be the slave's and ours, if the offers of compromise so lavishly given are accepted. But it is the *black flag*, rather than concession, which the proclamation has suggested to the rebels. Telegraphed by this time from cabin to cabin among the enslaved throughout the South, it has pointed to the hour on the dial of time when the Scips, Robert Smalls, and Dreds, yet in slavery, are to become the Generals of a new force in a real and earnest contest for freedom. Of course, the military exodus for the slave, now rendered probable, will be attended with great suffering and untold sacrifices, very unlike the beneficent issue contemplated and labored for by Abolitionists. Many will there be who, alas, will not survive to join in the song of jubilee.

One result of the proclamation is already noticeable, and occasion for much rejoicing—it has already emancipated in the North large numbers of hitherto *slaves of slavery*. It has rendered more definite the issue in politics. The "Radicals," represented by Wadsworth, talk now, not of non-extension (that having been voted upon), but of *extermination*. They accept the proclamation as meaning, in effect, universal emancipation. The "Conservatives," represented by Seymour, swear that slavery shall be preserved, and curse the proclamation. For slavery unqualifiedly, or against slavery unqualifiedly, is the active tendency in public opinion observable since the proclamation. In this there is great encouragement. There are unmistakable evidences that the year and a half of "The Discipline of Sorrow" has not been lost upon the people. The lifetime of one generation will have been consumed in achieving the decree of universal emancipation. How many generations will it require to get rid of the scars and traces of slavery? At this period let every influence within our reach be brought to bear in creating a public opinion which shall not only sustain the partial measure inaugurated by the President, but demand a second proclamation, which shall, on or before the 1st of January, 1863, decree UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

Aaron M. Powell.

LETTER FROM ANDREW T. FOSS.

Wells River, Vt., Sept. 27, 1862.

Dear Friend May: I have just mailed a long letter to you, but had not room to say a word in response to your congratulations on the President's proclamation. I assure you it has awakened similar feelings in my own breast.

To be sure the cost of its delay has been terrible in loss of life. Not a word will I say of treasure. And it seems strange to hear one say in God's own face, I propose to obey thy command to "break every yoke" after the first of January, 1863, in so far as the slaves in the States, and parts of States, that are in rebellion against my government are concerned, yet I am inexpressibly grateful for this. For it necessitates more, and must ultimate in blessed freedom to all in all the land. I think that you, and the rest of us who have taken the same position, have the clearest evidence we could desire that that position was a right one. Not one of us have ever failed to criticize and blame the government for all its wrong words and acts, and these have been many; but we have believed that the struggle between the Slave Power and the government must end in the destruction of the Slave Power. For this reason we have sympathy in this contest for the government. Abraham Lincoln, as against Jeff. Davis, was, and is *right*; however wrong he may be when viewed from a higher stand-point.

Well, our glorious work is nearing its accomplishment. You and I shall live to see it finished. Garrison and his friends, who laid the foundation of the temple of freedom in this land, "shall bring forth the top stone with shoutings of grace, grace unto it."

But as you suggest, we need to "pray and work" that the satanic power in the land, which will now come forth in great wrath, for its time is short, may be foiled in its hellish purposes, of destroying the government and reëstablishing slavery already tottering to its fall. What a satanic fellow is Train! But he will do little harm. He is too openly and repulsively devilish for that.

I hope he will stump Massachusetts for the purpose of defeating Sumner. Such an influence will certainly elect him.

Let us greatly rejoice that "our labor has not been in vain in the Lord."

Full of joy and hope your friend, A. T. Foss.

Cassius M. Clay and Richard O'Gorman.—After Mr. Clay's anti-slavery address in Brooklyn last week, Mr. O'Gorman reviewed it in a speech in New York, taking occasion to say that the Republican party was in favor of liberty for the black man but not for the white. Mr. Clay, in a subsequent speech at Cooper Institute, thus returned the compliment to Mr. O'Gorman:

One of the most mournful sights to him was to see refugees from foreign tyranny to be the first here to turn and oppress a race because it was black.

Voices—O'Gorman, Mitchell.

Mr. Clay—I say to Mr. O'Gorman—he is in the city, and I expect to be here some time—I say to him that if he says the Republican party is in favor of the liberty of the black man, and is not in favor of the liberty of the white, *he knowingly lies* (great applause). I stood up for the rights of O'Gorman and other foreigners to come here and enjoy our liberties, when the Louisville *Courier* was oppressing them. And I say this, that any man who would barter for office the liberties of a race of black people, would barter the white race to-morrow, if it would meet his interests (applause). He would say, that whether Mr. O'Gorman, or any other Mr., loved the pet tyranny of old England—the slave rebellion of the South—native old Ireland had no other harp than for universal liberty.

Mr. Greeley and the War Meetings.—At a war meeting in behalf of the Ironsides Regiment of this city, last week, Horace Greeley made some remarks which we find thus stated in *The Times*:

"Mr. Greeley commenced by saying that he had not been conspicuous for his attendance at war meetings for the past year and a half, for the reason that he had not had the full sympathy of the audiences composing them, heretofore, on account of the ideas he honestly and conscientiously entertained. Times had now changed somewhat, however, and what he might say to-night would not, he apprehended, fall on such unwilling ears as might have listened to his remarks on the war question one year since."

The Herald Turning Against its Candidate.—*The Herald* gives up, in advance, the New York State election to the Republicans, as follows:

We can assure Mr. Seymour that, from present indications, if he remains a candidate, his defeat is inevitable. He may carry New York city, Albany and a few interior towns; but the entire State will certainly go against him.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Oct. 13, 1862.

The National Republican, of Saturday morning, has a queer statement in its editorial columns. In fact, it is in the first editorial in the paper. The statement is that the President made his recent visit to Gen. McClellan's headquarters almost entirely to ascertain, if possible, the cause for the extraordinary delays of his army. It goes on to state further that *the President returned to Washington wholly unsatisfied*. I should not have ventured to open the subject, but as *The Republican* has made a deliberate statement upon it, it can do no harm to add that the object of the President's visit to Harper's Ferry has been very freely discussed in the Capital ever since he left, and very hotly since his return. Gen. McClellan's friends say that Mr. Lincoln was perfectly satisfied with Gen. McClellan's explanations, with his budget of facts, and returned to Washington satisfied that Little Mac is doing all that he can. On the other hand, those persons among us who have never had any confidence in Gen. McClellan state positively that the President received no adequate explanation from Gen. McClellan for his great delay, and that the President returned to this city very nearly determined to remove McClellan from his present command. This I give as the state of the case, so far as rumors and general statements go, not expressing an opinion of my own upon the subject. An enemy of Gen. McClellan's, and by the word enemy I mean simply a person who has never had any confidence in Gen. McClellan's military abilities and who desires that he be removed from his command, an enemy of Gen. McClellan's assures me that the President is on the eve of appointing a new General to the command of the army of the Potomac—that he is angry with McClellan for his disgraceful delays—and that he believes that Gen. McClellan *intends* to spend another winter on the Potomac line! On the other hand, an ardent friend of the General's tells me that he *knows* that Mr. Lincoln returned from his trip *satisfied*, and that henceforth Gen. McClellan is to have his own way, is to fight when he gets ready and not before, and so on. Which one of these two persons tells the true story it is impossible for me to say. I can say this much, however—that the President, Gen. Halleck and Mr. Stanton were angry and excited over the news of the invasion of Pennsylvania *while Gen. McClellan was making a visit to Philadelphia*. The real invasion of a free State has actually taken place, after Gen. McClellan and Gov. Curtin have been bowing thanks to each other for having saved Pennsylvania from invasion! It is disgraceful and astounding. It is these things which are rapidly demoralizing the entire North. People everywhere exclaim: "If it be a fact that all executive and military ability resides in the Southern States, we may as well succumb first as last, and even *hire* Davis and his fellow-traitors to rule over us!" If they, the rebels, can do such brilliant acts, *why not we?* Why did not Gen. McClellan by movements of his own *prevent* the raid into Pennsylvania? Is he always to be at the mercy of the rebel cavalry? Is it impossible to prevent the rebels from cutting into the rear of our armies at their pleasure and escaping without the loss of a man whenever they get ready to retreat? These are the questions asked all around me—and no one can answer them.

But it is a dangerous business to attack McClellan, and your correspondent does not propose at present to embark in that enterprise. When a General is first a hero, and then after a year's trial a failure and in disgrace, and is then able to make himself a greater hero than he was at first, it becomes almost certain that he possesses certain qualities which give him power over his fellow-men. It is an undeniable fact that the President after having given up McClellan as if he were in deep disgrace, called upon him again to take command of all the troops near Washington, and that the disgraced General won a great battle. After such things have been, those persons who disbelieve in McClellan, if they are wise, will desist from all violent attacks against him. For these are two unquestioned facts of the past—first, that Gen. McClellan is beloved by the army, and second, that the President has never yet seen fit, or had the courage, to remove him from his command.

Those Republicans in Congress who played the "conservative" dodge seem to be faring very badly with the people. Nearly all the radicals are renominated the members like Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, who took a "conservative" or pro-slavery course, have been permitted to stay at home by their Republican constituents in the nominating Conventions. Senator Browning went home to Illinois to be cold-shouldered by the people everywhere. The Republicans cut him, and the Democrats do not take him up. He will not be elected United States Senator from Illinois, and the President will not nominate him to the Supreme Bench. This is a significant failure, for a man who separated from all his warmest friends last winter to support ultra conservative measures in Congress. Some of his personal friends assert that he has ruined himself in an attempt to follow and support the President—that he supposed last winter that the President was opposed to all radical measures, and he endeavored to support him in his opinions and policy, and did so up to the recent sudden turn of the President. That is the way some of his friends talk. It should teach the Senator a lesson—to do right irrespective of Presidents.

There is a dead quiet here respecting the emancipation proclamation. To be sure *The Intelligencer* gently opposes it, and we have all been discussing Gen. McClellan's order respecting it There is an end of the matter. I do not hear a word of any further degree of energy in prosecuting the war, or the enforcement of the proclamation. We do nothing while the rebels are planning and executing brilliant exploits. The proclamation *will* prove a failure at this rate, depend upon it. It will never enforce itself, and if we are stupid in our management of national affairs, of course the rebels will triumph in spite of the proclamation. We must be patient, I know, and hope for better things hereafter, but how much longer are we to wait to see a specimen "of the good time *coming*," always "*coming*," I don't know. The stories of Cabinet changes are all without foundation. No member of the Cabinet has an idea of quitting it for the present. Some of the best ones would like to do so, but the condition of the country will not permit it. Those who ought to leave it couldn't be kicked out of the Cabinet. They will all go along together, making no quarrel over the emancipation question. Mr. Blair comes back from the North quieter than when he left and not half so much inclined to make war upon radical Republicans as he was a month ago. Mr. Seward is reticent. I do not believe any one has heard a word from him on the proclamation. He acquiesced in it, if he did not support it, in the Cabinet. Beyond that single statement no one can tell the position he occupies upon it. Is he heartily in *favor* of emancipation? Is he *opposed* to military emancipation? Who knows? He is a shrewd, cautious man, and rarely "hops over," as Artemius Ward would say. With Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair counted out, the rest of the Cabinet is known to stand firmly by the President. Oh! that we could have a little more vigor *somewhere* in the prosecution of the war. Perhaps the President is not to blame. We must believe he is not. And so with McClellan—*but who is?*

Unless I greatly mistake, the daring rebel raid up into Pennsylvania will stir our Generals up to deeds of valor, and that, too, speedily. Something *must* be done to wipe out the disgrace of the past, and it is whispered that Sigel, Hientzelman, Cox, Burnside and others of our fighting men are already up and doing. We will wait another week and see. Avon.

Impersonal Editorship.—*The Commonwealth*, of Boston, has the following card in its last issue:

A Card.—In the second number of *The Commonwealth*, my name appears as the editor of this paper. But it subsequently appearing that the forces and persons which would naturally communicate with the public through this medium were in number and importance such as to make it improper to identify the paper with any single individual, my name was withdrawn at my request. I take this method of emphasizing this impersonality. While there is a general sympathy and common aim among those who edit *The Commonwealth*, it is but just to all to say that the paper is not the representative of any one person's views.

Moncure D. Conway.

The State Elections.—As this journal goes to press, intelligence is received by telegram of the result of the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio; being, in both States, a victory for the Union ticket, in opposition to the so-called Democrats. We have time only to mention the election of Thaddeus Stevens in one, and the defeat of Vallandigham in the other. That is good news!

THE ISSUE IN THE FALL ELECTIONS.

[In the following imaginary conversation, we think the "Confiding Citizen" gets rather badly beaten.]

The dishonesty of the Abolitionists in attempting to cover up and keep out of sight the true issue of the political campaign is a significant commentary on the moral elevation of a party which claims to rest, *par excellence*, on a moral basis. They contend that every vote against their candidate is a vote against the war; but the moment the election is over they intend to claim that every vote for their candidate is a vote in favor of immediate emancipation. Let us suppose this cheat to succeed; let us suppose that by bandying charges of treason against all who do not support Mr. Wadsworth, and causing it to be believed that the opposing candidate disapproves of the war, the Republican party should carry the State by a large majority. Within a week after the returns come in, *The Tribune*, *The Evening Post*, and all their other organs, would claim that New York sustains the Emancipation proclamation, and calls for the immediate liberation of the slaves. Shortly after, some confiding citizen, who discovers how he has been bamboozled, falls in with Mr. Greeley (whom he happens to know), in a street car, and thus accosts him:

Confiding Citizen—This is a thundering caper that you've been cutting up! So you pretend I'm an Abolitionist?

Greeley—[*Lifting his eyes dreamily from a morning paper, in which his wits seemed buried*]—Eh?

Confiding Citizen—So you count me as a proselyte?—a convert to Sumnerism?

Greeley—Didn't you vote for Wadsworth?

Confiding Citizen—And what if I did? Weren't you insisting, all through the canvass, that the only issue involved was whether the war should go on? I voted for Wadsworth as the *war candidate*.

Greeley—Yes, but only a born fool could suppose that the war will ever be successful except through emancipation. Gen. Wadsworth made it as plain as a pike staff that this was his opinion in his letter of acceptance.

Confiding Citizen—But I trusted in *The Tribune*. Why, if you meant to claim all who voted for Wadsworth as Abolitionists, did you pretend that there was no issue involved but the war?

Greeley—You are as blind as a three-days old puppy. Don't you see that you can't be for the war without being in favor of the indispensable means for carrying it on. Emancipation is the great war measure.

Confiding Citizen—[*Pulling the strap to stop the car*]—But I didn't see it so when I cast my vote.

Greeley—[*Burying himself again in a morning paper*]—That's because you were a goose.

In such a colloquy Mr. Greeley would have the best of it. It would, of course, be pretty much such a humdrum affair as is here represented. Mr. Greeley is not brilliant as a conversationalist, and is very plain spoken. A lean-witted noodle who could vote for Wadsworth under the impression that he was not thereby endorsing immediate emancipation, but only the war, would of course skulk out of such an encounter discomfited.

[The above is from *The World*, of New York—now a pervert to the Democrats. We believe that, throughout the State of New York, the great mass of the supporters of Gen. Wadsworth do not care either to deny or to disguise the real issue presented in the canvass, which is, nakedly, an endorsement of the government's proposed policy of Emancipation. Thus, Mr. Seymour the Democratic candidate, whose nomination *The World* supports, confesses that the issue, on the part of the Republicans, is not a hidden but an open one. He says:]

In the first place, who are the parties to this contest? It is not merely a conflict between the Democratic and Republican organizations, but it is a struggle between the conservative and radical classes of our citizens. (I use these terms because they are well understood, and are also respectful.) This was made clear in the Convention which placed Mr. Wadsworth in nomination. Those who controlled that body sought and gained a victory over their more conservative associates. It was a triumph nearer their heart than any victory they hope to gain over us. To win it they cheerfully put at hazard the success of their ticket. They did not conceal the fact that they demanded the nomination because he agreed with them in their controversies with their associates in regard to the conduct and the object of the war, and the policy of government. They demanded his nomination because beyond most men he held and openly expressed extreme opinions on those points. They say they will claim the full benefit of the nomination and of his election, if he is chosen, not only as against us, but against all views which conflict with Mr. Wadsworth's civil and military theories. This is fair, open and manly. It makes the issues distinct, and every man knows what he endorses and what he condemns—what policy he builds up and what policy he puts down—when he deposits his vote in the ballot box.

MACKAY.

The afflicted country of ours, after its happy riddance of Dr. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*, is now saddled with Dr. Charles Mackay, his successor in office. If the former was a half secessionist, the latter is a whole one. The letters which he furnishes to his employers are full of misstatements, innuendoes, perversions and slanders. Of course, since *The Times* is in sworn league with the South, its American correspondent, whoever he may be—whether one man one day, or another the next—must always be in favor of slavery, and must now be in favor of rebellion. But was the first correspondent so sparing of his insults to the North, that his pen must be given over into another hand, more skillful in chronicling facts that never occur, and more facile in blotting out the truth to write a lie in its place? We will not marvel, after reading these late letters, if Dr. Mackay's own ears should bring him evidence of the contempt with which his name is spoken in our streets, or if his company should be purposely shunned by many honorable men who, during his former visit to America, were glad to give him an American welcome. But who is to be the third correspondent, when this second slanderer goes home? Gentlemen of *The Times* office! send him over, and let us see the miracle of how little stuff God needs to use in making an Englishman.

A Serious Man.

Apples for the Hospitals.—We have been requested to give room to the following statement:

Central Office, Sanitary Commission,
Washington, October 2d, 1862.

The inquiry being frequently made whether the Commission wishes to receive apples for the use of the wounded, it should immediately be published, as widely as possible, that dried apples cannot be sent to its depots in too large quantities. Town and village relief societies are requested to make arrangements for paring, cutting, and drying by their members, and such volunteer assistance as they can enlist, and to notify farmers that they will receive such good fruit as they may be disposed to offer and are unable themselves to properly prepare. Dried apples may be sent in barrels or boxes, or in strong bags marked "To be kept dry." Dried fruits of other kinds, and all good canned fruits, will be very acceptable.

Fred. Law Olmsted, General Sec'y.

A Candidate's Description of Himself.—Lymain Tremain, Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, gives the following description of himself:

"Allow me to state in a few words, that I am, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, perpendicularly, horizontally and diagonally, in every emotion of my heart, in every faculty of my mind, and in every pulsation of my heart, an unreserved and unconditional Union War Democrat, standing upon the platform of 'War, war to the knife,' that so far as I am concerned, neither in thought, word or deed, shall the idea be harbored that this glorious Union, which God and nature intended to be one and indissoluble, shall ever be divided; inflexibly opposed to the entertaining of any proposition, at any time or under any circumstances, that peace with armed rebels shall be thought of, unless it is a peace upon the solid, permanent and enduring basis of the unconditional submission of every armed rebel in this glorious land."

Thaddeus Stevens and James Buchanan.—We find the following paragraph in the Providence *Journal*.

It is reported that ex-President Buchanan has given ten thousand dollars to defeat Thaddeus Stevens. If true, which we question, it is one of the greatest compliments that "Old Thad." ever received. A candidate acceptable to the man who, when entrusted with the chief place in the republic, gravely argued that although the Southern States had no right to secede, the government had no right to prevent them, would not, we trust, be acceptable to any loyal constituency.

"A fool and his money are soon parted": Mr. Stevens has been triumphantly elected.

The Episcopal Triennial Convention is still in session in this city, and is still engaged with the debate mentioned in our last issue. It takes this body a great while to come to a conclusion whether or not it will express any sympathy with the government in the prosecution of the war! We take the following tid bit from *The Tribune's* report:

Dr. Shattuck, of Massachusetts, favored both the North and the South. On the one side a friend of his is in Fort Warren for being in sympathy with the Confederates, and on the other side Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner had been his playmates.

[A personal friend of these gentlemen at this moment remarked within hearing of a reporter, "That may be true, but Phillips and Sumner never mention it."]

OBITUARY.

Killed, by a fall from a cart, on the 2d inst., Simmons Coates, of London Grove Township, Chester County, Pa., aged nearly 42 years.

In the full vigor and prime of life, and in the midst of great usefulness, in a moment the mysterious thread of life was broken. The "places that have known him shall know him no more forever." In him has been lost a devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, a true friend, the cause of humanity a sincere advocate and society an honest man. While we weep for our great loss we know and believe that

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet him again."

N.

Died, at his residence in Kennett Square, on the 7th inst., Benjamin S. Jones, aged 49 years.

The Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, who can look back to the commencement of the anti-slavery enterprise, will remember him as one one of their most zealous and faithful coadjutors. From that day to the latest hour of his life, his heart responded promptly to the claims of the slave; and his voice and pen were loyal to the cause of human freedom and to his highest idea of right. In the East and in the West he labored long and faithfully, both as a public speaker and an editor, in behalf of the anti-slavery cause, and in him, unpopular truth found an earnest champion, and popular wrong a faithful censor. His faith in the principles of peace, as taught in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, was never shaken, and his practical testimony to this faith marked his whole life. In the prime of his years he has left the field of his labors, just as the harvest is about to be gathered. But his work was completed, not cut off; and his name shall be embalmed

"In the blessing of the captive,
In the anthem of the free."

Goldsmith said (though, by the way, the remark is usually attributed to Talleyrand) that "language is given to us to conceal our ideas." But here is a little bit of English speech that does not conceal its idea. It is from a letter by Hon. W. C. Grier, of the Kentucky Senate, who has just been burned out of house and home by the marauding guerillas of the rebel Morgan. He says:

"Why is all this persecution of me? Is it because I condemned this wicked rebellion, urged a vigorous prosecution of this war, and in my place in the Senate of Kentucky opposed the temporizing policy of my own party? For this I am burned out and hunted out of Kentucky. *I am now unequivocally for confiscation, subjugation, extermination, and hell and damnation.*"

Chronicles of the War.

A Letter Showing One of the Reasons why the War at First was not Waged in Earnest.

The following remarkable letter was read at the Seymour meeting at the Cooper Institute last week:

Washington, March 3, 1861.

Dear Sir: Hoping that in a day or two the new President will have happily passed through all personal dangers and find himself installed an honored successor of the great Washington, with you as the chief of his Cabinet, I beg leave to repeat, in writing what I have before said to you orally—this supplement to my printed "views" (dated in October last) on the highly disordered condition of our (so late) happy and glorious Union.

To meet the extraordinary exigencies of the times, it seems to me that I am guilty of no arrogance in limiting the President's field of selection to one of the four plans of procedure subjoined:

I. Throw off the *old* and assume a *new* designation—the *Union* party; adopt the conciliatory measures proposed by Mr. Crittenden or the Peace Convention, and my life upon it, we shall have no new case of secession; but, on the contrary, an early return of many if not of all the States which have already broken off from the Union. Without some equally benign measure, the remaining slaveholding States will probably join the Montgomery Confederacy in less than sixty days—when this city, being included in a foreign country, would require a permanent garrison of at least 35,000 troops to protect the government within it.

II. Collect the duties on foreign goods *outside* the ports of which this government has lost the command, or close such ports by act of Congress, and blockade them.

III. Conquer the seceded States by invading armies. No doubt this might be done in two or three years by a young and able General—a Wolfe, a Desaix, or a Hoche, with 300,000 disciplined men—estimating a third for garrisons, and a loss of a yet greater number by skirmishes, sieges, battles, and Southern fevers. The destruction of life and property on the other side would be frightful, however perfect the moral discipline of the invaders.

The conquest completed at that enormous waste of human life to the North and Northwest—with at least $250,000,000 added thereto, and *cui bono?* Fifteen devastated *provinces!* not to be brought into harmony with their conquerors; but to be held for generations by heavy garrisons, at an expense quadruple the net duties or tapes which it would be possible to extort from them—followed by a Protector or an Emperor.

IV. Say to the seceded States, *Wayward sisters, depart in peace!*

In haste, I remain, very truly, yours,
Winfield Scott.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, etc.

Gen. Halleck and the President's Proclamation.

We are permitted to state upon the authority of gentlemen holding intimate personal relations with Gen. Halleck, precisely what position he takes in conversation with respect to the principles of the President's proclamation. Gen. H. holds that the controlling military necessity that we should deprive the enemy of the labor by which his armies are subsisted, is clear and unqualified; that indeed it is wholly impossible to subdue the rebellion while such an army of laborers as the slaves of the South continue to produce supplies for the fighting army in the field. Of the three million and a half of slaves, Gen. Halleck computes that at least two million are to-day practically employed in the work of the rebellion, whose effective strength is greatly increased by the superior productiveness of the Southern climate and soil, so greatly that, as is proved by statistics, the labor of a girl not more than sixteen years of age in the South, produces thirty per cent. more than that of a thorough field hand in the North Taking these facts into consideration, Gen. Halleck says that, in a military aspect, he has had no doubt on the question since the rebellion assumed its present formidable proportions, and has never wavered from the belief that if we would conquer the South, its black labor must be taken from it. With the question what to do with the negroes whom the war will leave upon our hands, Gen. Halleck conceives that, as General-in-Chief, he has no right to an opinion, it being a matter for the consideration of the civil authorities; but he regards it as a problem which deserves the most serious study of the best minds of the country. While discussing this branch of the subject, Gen. Halleck is accustomed to advert to the fact that Gen. Butler is now issuing three rations, and will, probably, soon be called upon, if arrangements now contemplated are carried into effect, to issue ten rations to the negroes for every one to his soldiers. Is the North, asks the General, to feed forever the whole negro population, or is the thing sometime to end, and if so, when and how? In speaking of Gen. McClellan's Order No. 163, Gen. Halleck observed that it is of course the duty of a soldier to obey his superiors in all things not physically impossible for him to do.

A Dead General's Opinion of a Living One.

The following letter was written by the late Gen. Kearney to a personal friend, and puts a very uncomplimentary estimate upon Gen. McClellan:

Harrison's Landing, August 4, 1862.

Dear Pet: I thank you for your kind, long letter. You extend to me hope. You suggest withdrawing me and my division out of this ignoble position. With Pope's army, I would breathe again.

We have no Generals. McClellan is the failure I ever proclaimed him. He has been punished, just as I at once comprehended the moves of the parties. He will only get us in more follies, more waste of blood, fighting by dribblets. He has lost the confidence of all. Nor has he a single officer about him capable of bettering us. Sumner is a "bull in a china shop," and a sure enough blunderer. —— lost his corps gratuitously at Fair Oaks. He is not now in his right place, and will be much worse. —— is a small brain, ossified in a "4-company" garrison on the frontier. He was not "of us" in Mexico, but in a rear column once saw a distant flash in a guerilla fight. His skill is a myth—a poetical version of his own part at Bull Run. Porter is good in nature, but weak as water—the parent of all this disaster for his want of generalship on the Chickahominy. —— and Franklin are talented engineers. They might make good Generals if they understood the value of elements in their calculations; as it is, they are dangerous failures.

When —— was drunk he had some few men drowned before Yorktown. I know of no other feat of his. Franklin's battle of West Point was a most runaway picket fight of ours. His part on the Chickahominy was unpardonable. He sent over a division (his own), was present on that side, out of fire, and never interfered to protect them from being sacrificed by dribblets, and rendered a prey to their false position. I was horrified at it, as described by Gen. Taylor and all others. Is it surprising that I want to get out of this mess? Besides, they have sent me a Major-Generalship, like all these others, dated from 4th July, muddled in a batch of new and very ordinary junior officers. Do they forget that I was appointed twelfth on the original list? that I, on the heels of Bull Run, faced the enemy with a Jersey brigade in advance of all others, against all. McClellan, McDowell, *et id omne genus*, nearly forcing me to come back of the "Seminary." Do they forget me at Manassas? My Jersey brigade, that infected with panic the retiring enemy? Has Williamsburg never come to their ears? Oh, no! I really feel aggravated beyond endurance. Discipline becomes degradation if not wielded with justice. Patriotism cannot, amid all her sacrifices, claim that of self-respect. Generals, victorious in the past, are not called on to expose their troops, unless those brave men are acknowledged. Their identity in their chief's promotion claims a date of their own high acts. Oh, no, I am nearer returning to the home I have given up, to the interests I have sacrificed, to my cherished wife, whose anxiety oppresses me, than I ever dreamt of in a war for the Union. But if the infatuated North are weak enough to let this crisis be managed by "small men of small motives," I am not willing to be their puppet.

My dear Pet, I am too lazy, and too little interested to dive into the future of this "little box of heres

Miscellaneous Department.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

[A friend of this journal asks us to copy the following poem, which, though it has already been widely read, will bear many more readings, and will never die.]

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying.
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing;
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging;
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye may all read, through dimming tears, his story—
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how where, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted—

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness, and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God, whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick, poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild, timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses.
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehoods ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified the solemn truth, while frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

Like a sick child, that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love—the unweary love she bore him.
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep, pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to save him.

Thus, oh! not *thus*; no type of earth can image that awakening,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new, immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those Eyes alone, and knew—"*My* Savior! *not* deserted!"

Deserted! Who hath dreamed that, when the cross in darkness rested
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from his own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken;
It went up single, echoless: "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AN ORATORICAL MASTERPIECE.

LE PERE LACORDAIRE, who died last year at Soreze, was long one of the most eminent Catholic priests of France, a devoted friend of freedom, a worthy compeer of Bossuet and Massillon. His love for freedom rendered him suspected by many Catholics, while his Catholicism rendered him the same service with many Liberals. An orator of the highest order, his writings will be read with pleasure, while men retain their taste for those noble qualities and high attainments which must coexist in every great master of the art of persuasion. A lawyer before he became a priest, it was in the former capacity that he defended himself in 1831, before a court of justice, against the charge of exciting hatred, contempt, and revolt, against the government of Louis Philippe. With him was associated in this charge, the Abbe De la Mennais. It was based upon an article which had appeared in *L'Avenir*, a paper of which De la Mennais was conductor, Lacordaire a contributor. This noble speech has not been reprinted since 1831, until recently embodied by his life-long friend, Count de Montalembert, in a memorial of Lacordaire. From this memorial we translate it:

"I rise," said he, in beginning, "with a reminiscence which cannot escape my mind. Formerly when a priest arose among the people, something which excited a profound affection rose with his form. To-day, accused as I am, I know that my priestly nature is silent in my defense, and thereto I am resigned. The people stripped the priest of the ancient love they bore him, when the priest stripped himself of an august part of his character, when the champion of God ceased to be the champion of freedom. I am only a young man, only an obscure Catholic; the public have not known me above three months. And yet, gentlemen, I feel the need of recounting to you the secret sentiments of my heart, which will be a proof of my good faith merely as you recognize therein the accents of sincerity.

"I was very young, God had perished in my soul, and liberty reigned not in my country. God had perished in my soul, because my cradle had been placed in the early dawn of this nineteenth century, amid noise and storms; liberty reigned not in my country, because, after great disasters, God had given France a man greater than even those disasters. I was still very young: I saw this Capital where curiosity, imagination, the thirst for knowledge, made me think that to me the secrets of the world would be revealed. Its burden overwhelmed me, I became a Christian; a Christian, I became a priest. Let me rejoice over it, gentlemen; for I never understood liberty better than the day I received, with the holy unction, authority to speak concerning God. The universe opened before me, and I comprehended that there is something in man, inalienable, divine, eternally free—*speech*. To me was entrusted the priestly speech, and I was told to bear it to all the ends of the world, without any one's having the right to seal my lips, for a single day of my life. I went forth from the temple with these great destinies, and upon the threshold I encountered the laws and servitude.

"If I have provoked disobedience to the laws, I have committed a grave fault, for the laws are sacred. They are, next to God, the salvation of nations, and no one should bear them a greater respect than the priest, charged to instruct the people whence life comes to them and whence comes death. Yet I confess, I do not feel for the laws of my country that celebrated love which ancient nations bore to theirs. When Leonidas died, this was graven on his tomb: *Traveller, go tell in Sparta that we died in order to obey her sacred laws.* And I, gentlemen, I should not wish this inscription graven on my tomb; I should not wish to die for the holy laws of my country. For the time no longer exists when the laws are the venerable expression of the traditions, customs and gods of a nation, all is changed. A thousand epochs, a thousand opinions, a thousand tyrannies, the axe and the sword, hustle in our confused legislation, and it would be adoring glory and infamy at once to die for such laws. There is one which I respect, which I love, and which I will defend, the Charter of France; not that I am attached to the variable forms of representative government with immovable ardor, but because the charter stipulates freedom, and in the anarchy of this world, man has but one country, freedom.

"I protested against the nomination of bishops emanating from the civil power: I mistake, eminating from our oppressors; that is the term I employed; and as M. Attorney-General dwelt long upon it, I dwell also thereupon. Our oppressors! This word troubles you. You have demanded an account for it; you have scrutinized my hands to see if they were bruised by irons. My hands are free, Monsieur Attorney-General, but, however, my hands are not me. 'Tis my thought, 'tis my speech which is me, and you know well that I find it oppressed in my country, this divine I, this human I, thought, speech, myself at length! Yes, you do not bind my hands, and that to me would matter little, for it would be justice or violence; justice would not be oppression, and against violence, violence would still remain. But if you do not bind my hands, you do bind my thought; you do not permit me to teach, me to whom it has been said, *Docete* (teach). The seal of your laws is on my lips; when will it be broken? I have, therefore, called you my oppressors, and I suspect bishops from your hand.

"I have reproached the government for real wrongs; and I reproached it with energy, but without any intention of exciting the Catholics to despise and hate it. Believe it, gentlemen, from the bosom of Providence, whither faith incessantly turns our thoughts, we regard falling and rising empires with purer thoughts than those which agitate man when he sees in these sovereign catastrophes only the combat of human interests. Religious and civil liberty appears to us the goal of the secret purposes of God, and it is thereby that we judge of events which have changed the face of France. If they contribute to the enfranchisement of the human conscience, we shall accord them a place in our love; if they betray their proper destiny, they cannot exact from us eternal oaths which are due only to our country, to liberty, to God: three things which do not die.

"My duty is done. Yours, gentlemen, is to send me away absolved from this accusation; it is not for myself that I demand this of you. There are two things which impart genius—God and a dungeon. I ought not, therefore, to fear the one more than the other. But I demand my acquittal from you as a step towards the alliance of faith and freedom, as a pledge of peace and reconciliation. The Catholic clergy has done its duty; it has cried out to its fellow-citizens in words of love. It is yours to respond to them. I demand it of you, again, in order that these subaltern, resuscitated despots of the empire may know that there is justice in France for Catholics, and that they can no longer sacrifice them to the prejudices and animosities of a past age. This is all, gentlemen. I propose to you to acquit Jean-Baptiste-Henri Lacordaire, since he has not given offense, has deported himself as a good citizen, has defended his God and his liberty; and this I shall do all my life, gentlemen."

After such a speech it is needless to say that the accused were both acquitted. The after life of Lacordaire responded well to its early promise. He is the author of a famous retort, itself enough to immortalize his name. Pleading once the cause of the priesthood at the tribunal of justice, a crown lawyer ventured to call priests "the servants of a foreign master." "We are," returned Lacordaire, "the servants of one who is foreign nowhere, of God." A fitting death crowned his honorable and useful life. His last words were, "My God, open to me! open to me!"

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

[The London *Athenæum* contains the following interesting letter from Naples.]

I HASTEN to communicate to you a singularly interesting discovery which I had the good fortune to witness this morning at Pompeii. You have already had to record many important results of the excavations now in progress under the energetic and enlightened direction of Signor Fiorelli, the journal of whose proceedings, published at intervals with illustrations, *Giornale degli Scavi di Pompei*, promises to be the most interesting of the many publications, whether periodical or otherwise, to which at various times this city of the past has given occasion. The excavations which led to this morning's discovery are in continuation of those which have been proceeding for the last two or three months, and to which I shall not further allude, as a detailed description is all-ready in preparation.

The last two days, however, may be separated from the rest. The house upon which the workmen are at present engaged is of considerable size. It displays an average amount of the ordinary decoration which prevails in middle-class Pompeian houses; and it also presents on its outer walls several of those curious electioneering addresses in which Pompeian candidates, or their friends, were wont to appeal to the municipal electors. It was not, however, until yesterday that the expectation and consequent vigilance of the excavators were raised beyond the ordinary degree. In a corner of one of the inner rooms was found a heap of silver and copper coins, to the number of above five hundred. They had seemingly been tied up together in a little bag, which, however, has entirely disappeared; and at first they were agglutinated into a mass, although they have since been separated without difficulty. At the same time, and near the same spot, were found two large shears or scissors, and soon afterwards a house mill of the ordinary description, together with a little heap of corn, the grains blackened indeed and somewhat shrivelled, but yet fully preserving their shape and very little diminished in size.

Even if these indications had not sufficiently pointed out the house as a baker's establishment, all doubt was removed this morning by the discovery in the next apartment, not only of the metal scoop or shovel with which the loaves were placed in the oven, but also of the oven itself, the mouth of which was closed with a large iron door, not attached by hinges, but simply, as at present, cemented at the edges to the faces of the four large slabs which formed the mouth of the oven. At the moment when, in company with the courteous and accomplished director, I entered the bakehouse, the workmen were in the act of endeavoring to remove the iron door, but one of the handles gave way in the attempt. A little patience and care, however, overcame the difficulty, and it was no sooner withdrawn than we were rewarded with the sight of *the entire batch of loaves, such as they were deposited in the oven seventeen hundred and eighty-three years ago.*

They are eighty-two in number, and are all, so far as regards form, size, and indeed every characteristic except weight and color, precisely as they came from the baker's hand. When it is remembered that up to the present time but two such loaves have been discovered, one of them imperfect, the interest of this discovery will be fully appreciated. I ought to add, however, that unlike the loaf in the Museo Borbonico, which is stamped SILIGO. CRASIL. CICER., these loaves have no baker's name or other mark. They are circular, about nine inches in diameter, rather flat and indented (evidently with the elbow) in the centre; but they are slightly raised at the sides, and divided by deep lines, radiating from the centre into segments. They are of a deep brown color, and hard, but exceedingly light.

I can hardly describe the emotion with which I found myself thus brought into the immediate presence of the everyday life of old Pompeii, and led to have an actual part in completing the unfinished work of eighteen centuries ago. How little did the honest Pompeian craftsman, when he sealed up the stock for the supply of his customers on the morrow, anticipate that it was only to see the light through the hands of a generation then undreamt of—one of them a barbarian from the Western Isles, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years!

I ought not to omit that this year's excavations have brought to light a number of exceedingly curious and interesting *graffiti*, as well as many so-called *programme*, or inscriptions, in color or charcoal, one of which, as published in the Bolletino Archeologico, of Rome, contains a distinct allusion to the Christians, under that name.

C. W. RUSSELL.

A VIRGINIAN ON MASSACHUSETTS.—We shall not offend our friends in Massachusetts by legislation directed at the party now in the ascendant. Never were a baser set of wretches in possession of power than those who have ruled and voted in that State ever since the time of the Hiss Legislature; and yet no State possesses so many men eminently fitted to rule. The creatures born with saddles on their backs have thrown their riders. The dogs have escaped from the kennel. But horses and dogs need masters; they cannot long live without them. The present governing class in Massachusetts are naturally the lower layer of society. They are incapable of fulfilling, for any length of time, any other offices than those belonging to that lower layer. They will soon subside into their proper position, and be glad to get gentlemen, and conservatives, and scholars, and Christians, to rule over them, while they "hew the wood and draw the water." These outbreaks of society, in which "the meanest get uppermost" will occasionally occur. But in the long run virtue governs vice, intelligence governs ignorance, religion controls infidelity. Let us of the South be patient, and wait for that process of subsidence and stratification in Northern society, which will be sure to put our friends uppermost; for it is as natural for *them* to ride as it is for the *masses* to be ridden. He who denies that God made the multitude to be directed, governed and controlled by the few, and that this common multitude is happier, more virtuous and prosperous, when governed, than when governing, quarrels with the course of nature, and disputes the wisdom and beneficence of Deity. Universal suffrage may put society wrong side up, but nature is all-powerful, and soon brings down the lower layer or stratum to its true place.—*George Fitzhugh.*

"ISEE, ROLLING RAPIDLY."—It is related of some friends of Campbell, the author of "Hohenlinden," in leaving his room after a gay supper, that one of the number had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed at the noise, opened his door and inquired—"What's that?" "'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," was the immediate reply of his fallen friend.

AMERICAN ICE.—Sidney Smith, in London, was shown a lump of American ice, upon which he remarked, "that he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

THE creaking waggon's in the shed,
The busy flail is heard no more;
The horse is littered down and fed,
The harness hangs above his head,
The whip behind the door.

His leathern gloves and hooked bill
To-day the woodman throws aside;
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill
Sleeps on the mill-dam wide.

The miller's boat is anchored where
Far out the water lilies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear,
Within the mill pond deep.

The harrow's in the garden shed,
Hoe, rake, and spade are put away;
Unweeded stand the onion bed,
The gardener from his work hath fled;
'Tis holy Sabbath day.

Upon the wall the white cat sleeps,
By which the churn and milk-pans lie;
A drowsy watch the house-dog keeps
And scarcely from his dull eye peeps
Upon the passer-by.

And sweetly, over hill and dale,
The silver-sounding church bells ring;
Across the moor and down the dale
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings fling.

From where the white-washed Sunday school
Peeps out between the poplars dim,
Which ever throw their shadows cool
Far out upon the rushy pool,
You hear the Sabbath hymn.

From farm and field, and grange grown gray,
From woodland walk and winding ways,
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And sing God's holy praise.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT, OVER SIX MILES ABOVE THE EARTH.

[Mr. GLAISHER, an English scientist, has been recently making balloon ascents to the higher regions of the atmosphere, for scientific purposes. Speaking of his own personal feelings in his last ascent, he says:]

WHEN we attained the height of two miles, at 1h. 21m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point, we were three miles high at 1h. 28m., with a temperature of 18 degrees; at 1h. 39m. we had reached four miles and the temperature was 8 degrees; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature of the air had passed below zero, and there read minus two degrees; and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30 degrees. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time.

At 1h. 51m. the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a substractive correction of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his Lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a height of about 5¼ miles. I read the dry bulb as minus 5 deg.; in endeavoring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and he would when he came down. I endeavored to reach some brandy which was lying on the table at about the distance of a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so. My sight became more dim; I looked at the barometer and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it but I was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was at this time about 9¾ inches, implying a height of about 5¾ miles, as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side. I struggled, and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep. This must have been about 1h. 54m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, "What is the temperature? Take an observation; now try." But I could neither see, move nor speak. I then heard him speaking emphatically, "Take an observation; now do try."

I shortly afterwards opened my eyes, and saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible"; and he replied, "You have, and I nearly." I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said "I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them." His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 5h. 7m., recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus 2 deg. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was one solid mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all round the neck of the balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance. He spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible. He then said he felt insensibility was coming over himself; that he became anxious to open the valve; that his hands failed him; and that he seized the line between his teeth, and pulled the valve open, until the balloon took a turn downwards. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon.

On asking Mr. Coxwell whether he had noticed the temperature, he said he could not, as the faces of the instruments were all towards me; but that he had noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car were in the same straight line. If so, the reading must have been between seven and eight inches. A height of six miles and a half corresponds to 8 inches. A delicate, self-registering minimum thermometer reads minus 12 deg.; but unfortunately I did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed. On descending, when the temperature rose to 17 deg., it was remarked as warm, and at 24 deg. it was noted as very warm. The temperature then gradually increased to 57½ deg. on reaching the earth. It was remarked that the sand was quite warm to the hand, and steam issued from it when it was discharged. Six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles; it extended its wings and dropped as a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when we were descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly after alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground; one was found to be dead, and the other (a carrier) had attached to its neck a note. It would not however leave, and when jerked of the finger returned to the hand.

After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of riband encircling its neck, and I then jerked it off my finger, and it flew round two or three times with vigor, and finally towards Wolverhampton. Not one, however, had returned there when I left on the afternoon of the 6th. It would seem from this ascent that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that on another occasion I might be able to go higher, and it is possible that some persons might be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold; but still I think that prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as low as 11 inches, open the valve at once, the increased information to be obtained is not commensurate with the increased risk.

CROMWELL'S CAMP.—Other camps are the scenes of gambling, riot and debauchery; in ours, the troops employ what leisure they have in searching the Scriptures and hearing the Word: nor is there one who thinks it more honorable to vanquish the enemy than to propagate the truth; and they not only carry on a military warfare against their enemies, but an evangelical one against themselves. And, indeed, if we consider the proper objects of war, what employment can be more becoming soldiers, who are raised to defend the laws, to be the support of our political and religious institutions? Ought they not, then, to be less conspicuous for ferocity than for the civil and softer virtues, and to consider it as their true and proper destination, not merely to sow the seeds of strife and reap the harvest of destruction, but to procure peace and security for the whole human race?—*Milton.*

FREEDOM—RESTRAINT.

IF we look at the various restraints of which I have spoken, we shall see that liberty is the end and purpose of all. Nature's powers around us bem us in, only to rouse a free power within us. It acts that we should react. Burdens press on us, that the soul's elastic force should come forth. Bounds are set, that we should clear them. The weight, which gravitation fastens to our limbs, incites us to borrow speed from winds and steam, and we fly where we seemed doomed to creep. The sea, which first stopped us, becomes the path to a new hemisphere. The sharp necessities of life, cold, hunger, pain, which chain man to toil, wake up his faculties, and fit him for wider action. Duty restrains the passions, only that the nobler faculties and affections may have freer play, may ascend to God, and embrace all his works. Parents impose restraints that the child may learn to go alone, may outgrow authority.

Government is ordained, that the rights and freedom of each and all may be inviolate. In study thought is confined, that it may penetrate the depths of truth, may seize on the great laws of nature, and take a bolder range. Thus freedom, ever-expanding action, is the end of all just restraint. Restraint, without this end, is a slavish yoke. How often has it broken the young spirit, tamed the heart and the intellect, and made social life a standing pool. We were made for free action. This alone is life, and enters into all that is good and great. Virtue is free choice of the right; love, the free embrace of the heart; grace, the free motion of the limbs; genius, the free, bold flight of thought; eloquence, its free and fervent utterance. Let me add that social order is better preserved by liberty than by restraint. The latter, unless most wisely and justly employed, frets, exasperates and provokes secret resistance; and still more, it is rendered needful very much by that unhappy constitution of society, which denies to multitudes the opportunities of free activity. A community, which should open a great variety of spheres to its members, so that all might find free scope for their powers, would need little array of force for restraint. Liberty would prove the best peace-officer. The social order of New England, without a soldier, and almost without a police, bears loud witness to this truth.—*William Ellery Channing.*

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

IN 1810, that memorable year when Rome, Amsterdam, Dantzie, Antwerp and Paris were cities of the same proud empire, Napoleon had brought his young bride to Brussels, and was received with much enthusiasm and pomp. On the morning after his arrival, he reviewed the troops of the garrison of Al Verte, and as the different regiments passed, remarked a grenadier who bore the chevrons of a Sergeant-Major. Tall and erect, his black eyes blazed like stars from a face bronzed by twenty campaigns, which an enormous moustache rendered still more formidable or *bizarre*. When the lines were reformed, the Emperor rode up to the regiment of grenadiers, and called the Sergeant to the front. The heart of the old soldier beat high, and his cheeks glowed.

"I have seen you before," said Napoleon. "Your name?"

"Noel, sire," he answered, with a faltering voice.

"Were you not in the army of Italy?"

"Yes, sire; drummer at the Bridge of Arcole."

"And you became a Sergeant-Major?"

"At Marengo, sire."

"But since?"

"I have taken my share of all the great battles."

The Emperor waved his hand, the grenadier returned to the ranks, and Napoleon spoke rapidly to the Colonel for a few moments, the quick glances of his eyes toward Noel, showing that he was talking of him.

He had been distinguished for his bravery in several battles, but his modesty had prevented his soliciting advancement, and he had been overlooked in the promotions.

The Emperor recalled him to his side.

"You have merited the Cross of the Legion of Honor," said he, giving him one that he wore.

"You are a brave man."

The grenadier, who at that moment stood between the Emperor and Colonel, could not speak, but his eyes said more than volumes. Napoleon made a sign, the drums beat a roll, there was a dead silence, and the Colonel, turning toward the new knight, who with trembling hands was placing his cross upon his breast, said, in a loud voice:

"In the name of the Emperor, respect Sergeant-Major Noel, as a Sub-Lieutenant in your ranks."

The regiment presented arms. Noel seemed in a dream, and only the immovable features of the Emperor prevented him from falling upon his knees. Another sign was made, the drums beat, and again the Colonel spoke:

"In the name of the Emperor, respect Sub-Lieutenant Noel as Lieutenant in your ranks."

This new thunderstroke nearly overcame the grenadier; his knees trembled; his eyes, that had not been moist for twenty years, were filled with tears, and he was vainly endeavoring to stammer his thanks, when he heard a third roll of the drums, and the loud voice of his Colonel:

"In the name of the Emperor, respect Lieutenant Noel as a Captain in your ranks."

After this promotion, the Emperor continued his review with that calm majestic air which none who beheld him ever forgot; but Noel, bursting in a flood of tears, fainted in the arms of the Colonel, while from the regiment came a loud united shout of *Vive l' Empereur!*

MYSTIC MEMORY.

IN February, 1828, Sir Walter Scott was breaking himself down by over-hard literary work, and had really fallen to some extent out of health. On the 17th he enters in his diary, that, on the preceding day at dinner, although in company with two or three beloved old friends, he was strangely haunted by what he would call "the sense of preëxistence"; namely, a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time—that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. The sensation, he adds, "was so strong as to resemble what is called *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. . . . There was a vile sense of want of reality in all that I did or said."

This experience of Scott is one which has often been felt, and often commented on by authors, by Scott himself amongst others. In his novel of *Guy Mannering*, he represents his hero Bertram as returning to what was, unknown to him, his native castle, after an absence from childhood, and thus musing on his sensations: "Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysteriously and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place." Warren and Bulwer Lytton make similar remarks in their novels, and Tennyson adverts to the sensation in a beautiful sonnet:

"As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in a confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks, or hems, or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, All this hath been before.
All this *hath* been, I know not when or where;
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,
Our thoughts gave answer, each to each, so true
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
Although I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had lived in the other's mind and speech."

RHYTHM IN PROSE.—In every good prose writer there will be found a certain harmony of sentence, which cannot be displaced without injury to his meaning. His own ear has accustomed itself to regular measurements of time, to which his thoughts learn mechanically to regulate their march. And in prose, as in verse, it is the pause, be it long or short, which the mind is compelled to make, in order to accommodate its utterance to the ear, that serves to the completer formation of the ideas conveyed; for words, like waters, would run off to their own waste were it not for the checks that compress them. Water-pipes can only convey their stream so long as they resist its pressure, and every skilled workman knows that he cannot expect them to last unless he smooth, with care, the material of which they are composed. For reasons of its own, prose has therefore a rhythm of its own.

But by rhythm I do not necessarily mean the monotonous rise and fall of balanced periods, nor the amplification of needless epithits, in order to close the cadence with a Johnsonian chime. Every style has its appropriate music; but without a music of some kind it is not style—it is scribbling.—*Bulwer in Blackwood.*

DELICATE PRAISE.—When Sir Matthew Hale was made Chief Justice, his commission was brought to him by Lord Clarendon, who told him, "If the king could have found out an honester and a fitter man for that employment, he would not have advanced *you* to it."

COTTON FROM AFRICA.

[DR. LIVINGSTONE, in a recent letter to Rev. William Monk, of Cambridge, Eng., gives this interesting account of the cotton district of Lake Nyassa.]

COL. RUDBY, our Consul at Zanzibar, says, in a letter to Sir George Grey, that 19,000 slaves pass through the Custom House there annually—all, or nearly all, from Nyassa or Shire; and he adds: "If it should ever be possible to place a steamer on Lake Nyassa, it will cut off the chief supply of slaves to the east coast." Without knowing that gentleman's opinion, *we have ordered a steamer from Glasgow in twenty-four parts*, which we hope to carry past the Cataracts as our next work. We expect her soon, and I shall not pen a syllable to you or any one else till it is accomplished. I pray to Him in whose hand are "our times," to permit me to accomplish this great service; then a path to the sea by Rovuma, or some river in the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar, for we must have an outlet to the sea uncontrolled by the Portuguese. Fancy the folly of our allies; the government builds a post at the mouth of the Shire, to be enriched by cotton dues, while the people of Tetto do all in their power to depopulate the country from which the cotton is to come. If we have our own outlet, *the cotton field, now four hundred miles long, will be prolonged far to the north and west*, and our own English honest poor may live on the islands and become blessings to Africa, our own sweet home and to themselves. These are my hopes, and it ought to be borne in mind that my expedition should be dated only from the possession of the Pioneer. We were forced to return by want of food, when, as we have reason to believe, we were in sight of the dark mountain masses in which Lake Nyassa ends.

A tribe of Zulus, originally from the South, had made terrible havoc among the Lake people—we did not know why, as we received only one-sided statements, and never form an opinion on that sort of evidence; but human skeletons and putrid bodies of the slain strewed the shores—"man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." I met seven of these Marite, or Zulus; they behaved much as we may suppose old women of either sex would do if they fancied they had seen a ghost. It view of this tribe wandering up so far, it strikes me that the more work Christian people attempt, the more their Master gives them to perform. The Bishop at the Cape, with his Kaffir college, is probably fitting missionaries to labor much nearer the equator than he ever contemplated. I always rejoice to hear of efforts to spread our blessed religion, no matter by whom, for I am sure that He who is head over all things to His Church, condescends to accept the hearty though often feeble offering of His people, and will guide all to a glorious consummation. This college seems an admirable institution.

GARIBALDI'S FALL.

Now on the fettered neck of Italy
Napoleon's grasp of iron will grow stricter;
And you, who fondly deemed your people free,
Have lost and gained an enemy, King Victor.

Rebel or hero, call him which you will,
He is the same as in those days Sicilian
When his wild war-cry made the people thrill,
When his name brought you subjects by the million.

What then was right can hardly now be wrong:
But the deed's done—its memory cannot pass wholly—
Done by the will of one who is far too strong
For you, Cavour, Rattazzi, or Ricasoli.

More safely you may wear your crown, perchance,
Review your troops at Turin with genteeler ease;
Yet all the while be the mere slave of France—
The puppet of the plotter at the Tuileries.

—*London Press.*

AN INTERESTING FIGHT.—A gentleman, while walking in the fields at Trough, in Clare, England, recently, in company with a friend, was attracted by a noise in a field bordering on the road. On mounting a bank which hid the field from view, he says: "I became an interested spectator of the following novel fight: a fine ewe, with two lambs, one on each side of her, was standing resisting the attacks of a large fox, who was attempting to get at the lambs, no doubt with the intention of treating his wife and family to a nice lamb supper. For nearly ten minutes my friend and I stood watching, with breathless astonishment, this strange scene. At one time the fox would make a dash at one of the lambs, when the ewe, forgetting its usual timidity, and inspired with courage in defence of its young, would put down her head, and butt savagely at her natural adversary. The fox, baffled in his first attempt, would then run round and try to seize the other lamb; but the mother, quick as thought, would then turn round, and again meet her adversary with her hard and woolly head. The fox then retired a short distance, sat on his brush, and commenced barking, with the evident intention of frightening away the mother, so that he might secure at least one lamb for domestic purposes. At this moment the male parent of the two innocents, attracted to the spot by sly Reynard's musical bark, made his appearance, and seeing at a glance what had happened, made a rush at his enemy, put down his head, and would, no doubt, have destroyed him, only Reynard, seeing his new foe and fancying the numbers too many for him, and that discretion was the best part of valor, ran away, leaving the ram the undoubted victor of the field."

THE STORY OF AN ATOM.—The atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ages, was absorbed into the leaf of a fern, when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the sunlight and the dew, aiding to fling back to heaven a reflection of heaven's gold; and, at the same time, to build the tough fibre of the plant. The stem was consigned to the tomb, when the waters submerged the jungled valley. It had lain there thousands of years, and a month since was brought into the light again, imbedded in a block of coal. It shall be consumed to warm our dwellings, cook our food, and make more ruddy and cheerful the hearth whereon our children play: it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, ascend upward as a curling wreath to revel in a mazy dance high up in the blue ether; shall reach the earth again, and be entrapped into the embrace of a flower; shall live in velvet beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissues of the brain, and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educing the thoughts which are now being uttered by the pen. It is but an atom of charcoal; it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flushing on the lip of beauty: it may now be a component of a limestone rock, and the next an ingredient in a field of potatoes; it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a single change, and the next hour pass through a thousand; and, after all, it is only an atom of charcoal, and occupies only its own place wherever it may be.—*Hibberd's Brambles and Bay Leaves.*

ATTERBURY'S WIT.—Atterbury, the celebrated Bishop of Rochester, the friend of the Tory statesman in the time of Queen Anne, happened to say in the House of Lords, while speaking on a certain bill then under discussion, that he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he now was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet. Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the house to remark that one of the right-reverend had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass. Atterbury, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam—but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel—I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. One day, a countryman in search of the "divine," knocked at the "doctor's" door, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Does Dr. Channing live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see him?"

"I am he."

"Who—you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach."

"Oh, I see your mistake now. It's my brother who *preaches. I practice.*"

ECCENTRIC TASTE.—George Selwyn was noted for a passion for the details of criminal justice, from "the warrant to the rope"; and his friends always made it a point of gratifying this peculiarity, by sending him news of criminal executions, etc. When Horace Walpole's house in Arlington street was broken open, he dispatched a messenger to Selwyn, to inform him of the fact, and of his having secured the thief. It happened that the person who received the message had lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his mind. "He stalked up into the club-room," relates Walpole, "stopped short, and, with a hollow, trembling voice, said, 'Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Walpole's compliments, and he's got a housebreaker for you.'"

WIT AND WISDOM.

To a gathering of learned friends, Adam Smith said, as he was dying, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to another place."

——*Squalid Beggar*—"Pray, sir, take pity on a miserable wretch; I have a wife and six children." *Gent*—"My poor fellow, accept my heart-felt sympathy, so have I."

——In speaking of "hard times" down in Tennessee, the Memphis *Argus* says: "Mathematicians agree that ten mills make one cent. At the present price of wheat we doubt if twenty mills can make a cent."

——A lady well advanced in maidenhood, at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

——The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be so," soliloquized Sambo, "but when dat man died, de Lord didn't owe 'im a red cent."

——An Irish lawyer lately addressed the Court as "gentlemen" instead